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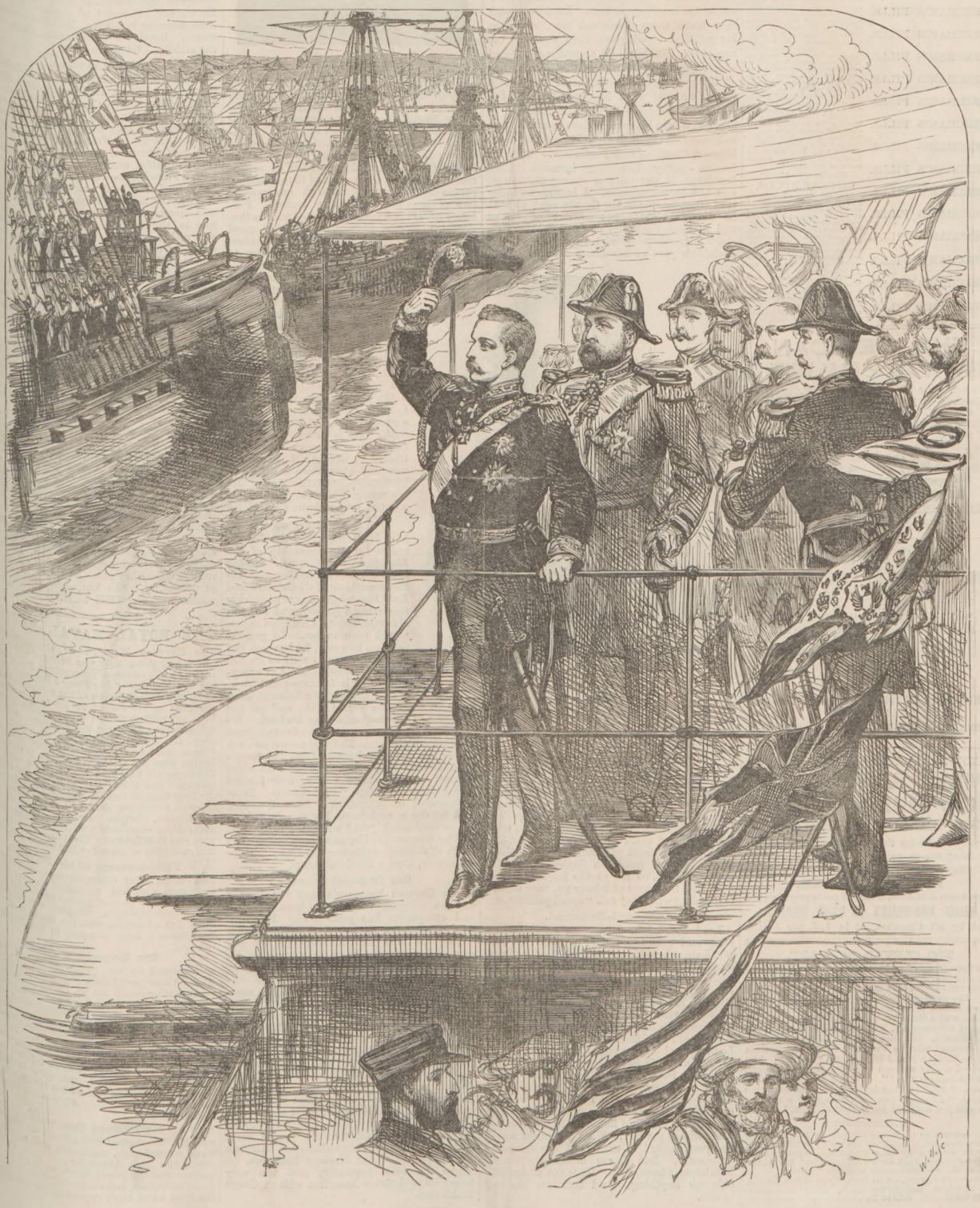

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Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

WE thought everyone knew that our worthy Bishops and Archbishops had the privilege of signing themselves after the ancient name of their diocese. Not so. The present Archbishop of York, who used to be an ardent fisherman, once betook himself for a few days to a little Yorkshire village which boasted a good trout-stream, and put up at a clean but modest hotel. His Grace, on his arrival, informed the landlord who he was, and on leaving wrote a cheque for his bill and handed it to his host. The landlord closely scanned the signature, and asked, "What name is this?" "W. Ebor," answered his Grace. "Ah," said the landlord, as he pocketed the cheque, "I thought you were telling me a lie when you said you were the Archbishop of York."

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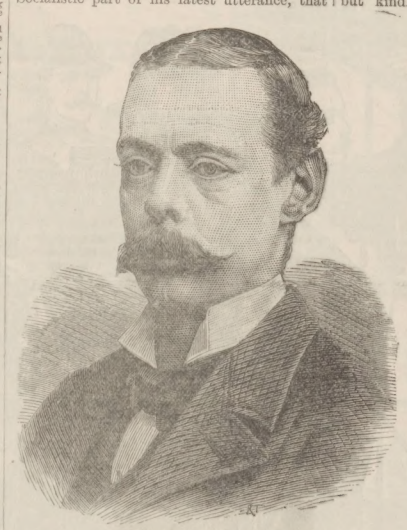
All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Randolph's Latest.

EVERYONE is talking of Lord Randolph's latest escapade, so I suppose I had better say something about it. There is one comment which most people are making with which I must express my entire disagreement. "How inconsistent!" say the critics. Well, that is not in the least degree true. Lord Randolph is a much more consistent man, so far as his political creed goes, than anybody has supposed. He has *said* a good many things which flagrantly contradict the general line of his policy, but in the main what he is to-day he was when he entered public life—a Tory Democrat—a kind of Disraeli as Disraeli was in his earlier days, when he was hesitating between Joseph Hume and Peel, between Chartism and Protection. Take his foreign-policy line, for instance. Lord Randolph is naturally a strong anti-Jingo and non-interventionist. I happen to know that when he was in the Government of 1885 he did his best to get us out of Egypt and to keep the policy of Lord Salisbury on strict non-interventionist lines. As for the Socialistic part of his latest utterance, that

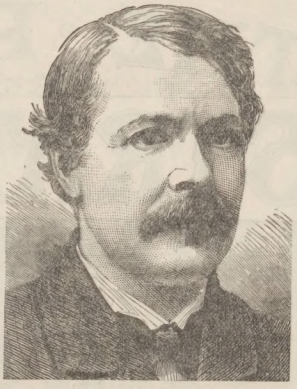


LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

again is a move Lord Randolph has long been meditating, and in which he is practically following Lord Beaconsfield's lead. Even in his later days Lord Beaconsfield used to keep a kind of north-eye on Socialism, and he had a memorable interview with Mr. Hyndman, in which the story goes that Mr. Hyndman said a good deal and Lord Beaconsfield very little. So with Randolph. He has kept himself informed of the plans and ideas of the Socialist leaders, and has taken care to meet one or two of them quietly in society. The result is the present pronouncement—nothing very advanced from the Socialist point of view, but still, so far as the housing of the poor and the hours of labour go, very closely resembling what they call "social palliatives."

Aristocrat-Democrat.

Lord Randolph, though an aristocrat by birth and bringing up, is a good deal like Mr. Labouchere in one respect, that he has a kind of intellectual contempt for people with whom he has had most to do. He loves novelty, change, new faces, new minds. He has a bitter wit, and he likes nothing better than to let his class, his old colleagues in the Government, "have it." You should hear Randolph on Mr. Smith and Lord Cross! Of course, his ungovernable tongue and his hot temper have done him no end of harm. But if he is much hated, he is also much loved. His sisters—Lady Wimborne, who is the great Tory hostess, and Lady Curzon—are devoted to him. His wife is very proud of him, and he was always his mother's pet boy. What a strange career and personality! I confess it fascinates me immensely. But I am afraid that Lord Randolph is impossible. He is too undependable for anything. And then he has bad health.



Professor Stuart.

I turn from Randolph to the man on the Liberal side whose programme is practically identical with the Walsall deliverance. Professor Stuart is about as opposite to Lord Randolph as one pole from the other. Randolph flies, butterfly-like, from flower to flower: the Professor sticks grimly to the task of the moment. Randolph is an aristocrat and a cynic, a wit—one of those dazzling personalities that flit through our politics two or three times only in a century. Professor Stuart is a scholar, touched with enthusiasm—a simple, plain man, without good looks, a little *distrait* and abashed in manner, but kindly, unselfish, utterly given up to work, and with an immense power of handling intricate details and presenting them in an intelligible and interesting shape. Whatever he has attempted he has done. A Professor of Mechanics at Cambridge, he is a big success. He founded and carried through the University Extension movement; he led, with Mr. Stansfeld, the crusade against the C. D. Acts; and he has invented the London Programme. He is not a great orator, but he is clearness itself. He is intimate with the Gladstones, is much liked and trusted by the G.O.M., and every now and then there is a talk of his marrying into the family. He is a very good fellow. He inhabits a flat at Queen Anne's Mansions.

Lord Rosebery

has, it is reported, decided to resign the Chairmanship of the London County Council. He has been a remarkable success. He has something of Gladstone's and Lord Randolph's power of quickly mastering a subject, and he is as able and adroit a Chairman as you would wish to see. In general politics, however, he has not got on lately quite so well as on the County Council. He has everything in his favour—youth, wit, a brilliant gift for talking, good looks, a very nice genial wife, and all the influence of the Rothschilds at his back. He and Lord Spencer are the great entertainers of the Liberal party. But this season one has not heard quite so much of Lord Rosebery's functions. Perhaps that is because his chief interest is in foreign policy, and foreign policy has not been "up" lately. It is understood, of course, that Lord Rosebery will be the next Liberal Foreign Secretary. He is very much "in" with the Bismarcks, and he favours the German alliance. He has more diplomatic influence than any foreign statesman, except Lord Salisbury.

Our Imperial Guest.

The German Emperor's visit has been a success. Young William has been gracious, and everything has gone well. It might well have been the reverse. The Kaiser "does not love our England" (or, at any rate, did not); and there is a story of his earlier days to the effect that when he cut his finger at a mess-table he exclaimed, "Thank God, I shall get some of this English blood out of me." The German side of him has absorbed all the English training of his mother, with whom the young Prince never got on very well. It is said that much of his hatred of English folk arises from his belief that his dwarf arm was caused by the clumsiness of an English doctor. That may be a wild fable; but on one point all the stories about William II. are agreed. He is a man of great ability—an excellent soldier, an untiring writer (like all his family), a bold, resolute young man. But he is also under influence. His two favourites are Count Herbert Bismarck, on whom he calls regularly, and the very beautiful and clever American wife of Count Waldersee.

Escott and Leslie Stephen.

I was sorry to hear, the other day, that Mr. Leslie Stephen was not so well, and that he had again been compelled to give up work on the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Leslie Stephen is one instance of the effects of overwork. Mr. Escott is another. Mr. Stephens's case is, of course, far less grievous than Mr. Escott's, for there is hope that the brilliant student of eighteenth-century philosophy will yet be able to resume his place in English literature. Of Mr. Escott we cannot speak quite so hopefully. When one remembers what Escott was—editor of the *Fortnightly*, leader-writer on the *World* and the *Standard*—incomparably the most brilliant journalist of his day—one wonders whether one will ever see his like again. His mistake was that he never could refuse work. He was recklessly generous, kept a good establishment, and consequently his income, large as it was, always required additions. Herefused nothing. He worked for scores of papers. He wrote from morning to night. He never seemed to weary. Result—a career broken short off in the middle. What a tragedy!

Mrs. Crawford.

Talking of journalists, I am reminded of the most brilliant of living writers for the Press. That is Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*. In my opinion, this charming lady has contributed more to our knowledge of French contemporary life than half a dozen of Opper-Blowitzes. She is that delightful combination—an Irishwoman with a French bringing-up. She knows everybody in Paris, and everybody knows her. She was the intimate friend of Gambetta. She was closely associated with Madame Adam. She is the friend of Clémenceau, and she was rather taken with the "brav' Général," a heresy of which she has since repented. She is a delightful writer—ever fresh, piquant, and shrewd, her style full of light and colour, and when she is in the mood she is a not less charming talker. The kindliest and simplest of creatures, she has all the secrets of all the public characters in Europe at her fingers ends. She could give you the *chronique scandaleuse* of a generation of politicians, actors, financiers, generals, soldiers, *mondaines*, and *demi-mondaines*. In the old days, when her husband was alive, you could always meet her at a certain hour writing out her daily despatch at the Café Véron, near the Bourse; or you could repair to her simple but very pleasant little house in the Boulevard Courcelles. She is full of the milk of human kindness, she is passionately patriotic, she is devoted to the Republic and her adopted country, and she has the most charming suggestion of the brogue in the world. She will always be beautiful. She is preparing a history of France since the Revolution, and she is the one woman in the world competent to write it. She is kindness itself to young aspirants, who bore her with applications and requests, which she never refuses when they come at all within the line of possibility. She has suave and beautiful manners.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

THE ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY—whose interesting personality was brought home to our readers by the series of Engravings published in the last Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*—enjoyed his first glimpse of the magnificent Fleet anchored in the Solent in his honour when his Imperial Majesty arrived at Spithead on board his German Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, on Friday, Aug. 2. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, went out to the Nab Light in one of the Royal yachts to escort his Imperial nephew to Osborne; and it was a most impressive sight to see the long lines of British men-of-war saluted by the Queen's illustrious grandson, with whose keen intelligence, bright vivacity, and winning naturalness everybody who has come in contact with him is delighted. The south-westerly gale and rainstorm of Saturday last occasioned the

Postponement of the Review,

and caused great disappointment to the many thousands who had assembled in the Solent, though it was a time of golden harvest at Portsmouth and Southsea. Sunday was brilliantly fine. After lunching with the Marquis of Salisbury under a large marquee in the grounds of Osborne,

The Emperor William,

accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince Henry of Prussia, with many distinguished officers in attendance, put off from Osborne about three o'clock in a steam-launch, for the purpose of visiting some of the ships of the fleet. The Emperor wore an English Admiral's uniform, and the Prince that of Honorary Admiral of the British Navy. The first ship boarded was the armed Vulcan, and the Teutonic. The objects of most interest to the Emperor were the four 5-inch quick-firing guns fixed on the vessel as part of her armament. On leaving the Teutonic the party went on board the Howe, where

Sir Edmund Commerell,

with his flag-captain and officers wearing their white covered caps, frockcoats, and swords, received the high Admirals, the crew being at quarters and the Royal Marines drawn up as a guard of honour, and conducted them at once to the room where every apparatus for working the

heavy guns and revolving barbette is ranged within easy reach. The Emperor showed great interest in every detail, and himself worked the mighty 67-ton breech-loaders. His Imperial Majesty and the Royal party next went on board

Prince George's Torpedo-Boat.

As the steam-launch proceeded to the torpedo-boat (No. 79) the spectators raised a cheer of welcome. Prince George of Wales did the honours of his little craft, which, of its kind, is one of the fastest in the Navy, and of a type the value of which has been recognised, the Admiralty having given a further order for a number of boats of similar dimensions and design. After a prolonged stay, the Royal party next proceeded to the Immortalité, a belted cruiser, and the Medea, one of the latest fast ships for the protection of commerce. These vessels were also thoroughly inspected, before the Emperor and the Prince of Wales returned to Cowes.

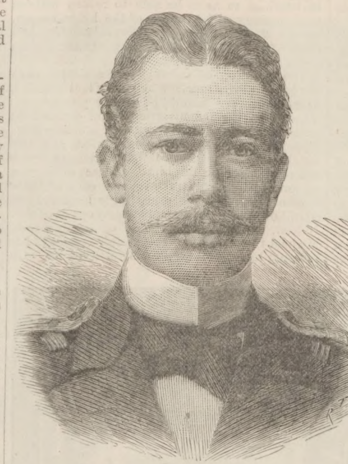
The Grand Review on Monday

repaid the Emperor and all spectators for a little waiting. The Emperor William was warm in his expressions of pleasure at the superb demonstration of Great Britain's naval strength, which was also appropriately witnessed by the Marquis of Salisbury, seeing that he is the Minister chiefly responsible for the great expenditure which is to augment our Navy. One of the best views of the superb marine spectacle—miles on miles of ironclads—was obtained from the steam-ship Britanny, on board which the Directors of the London and South-Western Railway courteously dispensed hospitality. Dressed with flags, rainbow fashion, the long lines of battle-ships looked exceedingly fine. Journalists on board the Sea Horse had not long to wait off Osborne House. The boom of cannon from H.M.S. Valorous, doing guard duty in place of the Invincible off Cowes, warned them that the Emperor and other Royal personages had embarked. Then above the wreaths of smoke they saw the yards of the Valorous all manned (as indicated in one of our Engravings), the sailors, looking like stolid little marionettes, joining hands as they stood bolt upright along the spars. Presently out from the haze the Victoria and Albert, with shapely hull and raking masts, emerged, following the Galatea, and followed by the German Royal yacht Hohenzollern and the Prince of Wales's yacht Osborne. As they cleared the guard-ship and came round opposite the central channel between the squadrons, the German warships opened fire in salute. On the forward bridge of the Victoria and Albert, the Emperor William, in full Admiral's unform, stood, with the Prince of Wales beside him, and Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, who wore the yellow cordon of the Black Eagle, close by. Prince Christian, with the same order across his shoulder, and Prince Henry of Battenberg were in scarlet uniforms, and among the brilliant throng of diplomatic staff officers and aides-de-camp were the Marquis of Salisbury and Count Herbert Bismarck, Major Von Bülow, Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, General Lynedoch Gardiner, special Aide-de-Camp in attendance, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, Chief Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen; Lieutenant-General Hahnke, Count Hatzfeldt, Major Von Kessel, Admiral Schröder, Naval Attaché of the German Embassy, and Sir Edward Malet. As the Royal yacht steamed slowly on, the clouds and wreaths and rings of smoke from cannon moved with her, enveloping her for a moment or two in a sunlit veil, and then drifting more swiftly away as the breeze freshened. From the Mohawk and white-hulled Marathon came ringing cheers in succession, swelling into a mightier volume as the Alberta passed Sir Edward Commerell's flag-ship, where the crew, dressing ship, rose in dense mass, tier above tier. Having found the Calypso, Mersey, Arethusa, Iris, Magicienne, Nymphe, Curlew, and Rattlesnake, the Victoria and Albert went about once more and steamed up the centre channel. Nearing the Howe, she hoisted the square white flag with the red border and the tricolor as a signal for yachts following her to get ready their anchors. When she came abreast of the Howe, the signal was lowered, anchors were let go, and the procession brought to. Another signal was made for Admirals and officers commanding the battle-ships to come on board. Sir Edmund Commerell, in a steam pinnace, with an Admiral's flag at her masthead, was first to board the Victoria and Albert, where he was received with cordial congratulations by the Kaiser; next followed Vice-Admiral Baird, then the Rear-Admiral, and then in succession the Captains and Commanders. Their reception occupied fully an hour, and while this interesting ceremony was in progress the crews remained manning ship. At its conclusion the Commander-in-Chief signalled for a general cheer from all the fleet, and before the chorus of twenty thousand voices had died away the guns boomed out again in Royal salute as the Victoria and Albert steamed away towards Cowes, the Emperor and the Prince of Wales having signalled their high appreciation of the splendid fleet.

A Charming Health Resort.—Says cheery "Atlas," of the *World*:—"A correspondent at Westgate-on-Sea tells me that the Improvement Committee of that pleasant watering-place are going ahead. They have engaged a high-class military band, which is to be independent of visitors' subscriptions or collections; they have lighted the sea-front with some very powerful lamps; and have other recommendations under consideration. Nature has helped Westgate, and if she only helps herself she ought to do very well."

"A New Poison."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—Eno's Fruit Salt (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[Advt.]

FACTS AND FACES.



Prince Henry of Prussia,

Germany's popular Sailor Prince, was the foremost companion of the Emperor William at the colossal Naval Review. Fair-haired, like his brother, Prince Henry is the beau-ideal of a sailor, and has won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. The Emperor was thirty on Jan. 27 last, and Prince Henry will be twenty-seven on Aug. 14. The gallant grandson of the Queen was married on the Queen's Birthday last year to his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, so that he has a double claim on the affectionate regard of her Majesty. What more natural than that Prince Henry should command the German cruiser Irene, named after his wife? He qualified himself for his post by becoming a practical seaman. He sailed "round the world and back again" (as Walter Maynard's rattling song goes) on board the corvette Prinz Adalbert, occupying a couple of years in this instructive voyage—the modern "grand tour." Whether cruising in foreign waters, or perfecting himself in the scientific branches of his noble profession at home, Prince Henry has by his native geniality and kindliness of disposition made himself a general favourite. He is, in fine, a worthy son of our Princess Royal and "Our Fritz." Of Prince Henry's pluck the following anecdote is related: "Once, when the Olga, of which he was then a watch-keeping lieutenant, was lying in the Gulf of Kiel, the order was given through him for all hands to bathe. The weather was chilly, and an officer remarked to the Prince that the water must be far too cold to be pleasant. He suggested, therefore, that the order should be annulled. Without a word Prince Henry, who was on the bridge, sprang thence into the sea, swam to the Jacob's ladder astern, climbed on board again, and, mounting dripping to the bridge, said to the officer, 'Do you say so now?' There was no reply, and the Prince, instead of going below to change, remained on the bridge in his wet clothes until his watch was relieved."

The Victoria Terminus

of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway never had a busier time than last week. Not only was there the first great rush of materfamilias and holiday-making schoolchildren to the seaside, and the great fashionable migration to Goodwood, to boot, but, to cap all, thousands flocked to Victoria (following the Queen's example a week earlier) *en route* to Portsmouth for the Naval Review. But, grace to the care and zeal of that level-minded and model Stationmaster Mr. Wright, whose civil and hard-working staff swear by him, the myriads of eager passengers all reached their destinations in safety. Start from Victoria!

Dr. Veimar.

From Mr. Kennan's striking articles in the *Century* on "Russian State Criminals" we have already vignetted a word-portrait of Nathalie Armfeldt. Here is another of a male victim—Dr. Veimar Edward Veimar was a surgeon, thirty-five years of age, who resided in one of the finest houses in St. Petersburg. He was a man of wealth, education, and high social position, and a personal friend of the present Czarina, Princess Dagmar. He was in charge of her field hospital throughout the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8; was made a Cavalier of the Order of St. Anne for distinguished services in that campaign; received three or four crosses of honour for gallantry on the field of battle; and was greatly beloved by General Gourko, with whom he made the passage of the Balkans.

DR. VEIMAR.

His Reward.

This heroic man was condemned as a Revolutionist on the flimsiest possible evidence, and sent to the mines of Kara. Even the Crown Princess's intercession could not save him. The awful conditions of life in the Siberian prisons brought on consumption, of which he died. The girl to whom he was betrothed, described by Mr. Kennan as cultivated and attractive, was about to join him, and, as his wife, to share his awful fate (such voluntaryism is graciously permitted by the Russian Government). No letters, however, were allowed to pass between the lovers, and the poor girl's most sacred and precious relic is a piece of needlework which Dr. Veimar had made in his cell in the mines, and had succeeded in smuggling through to her.

Lord Tennyson's Eightieth Birthday.

Born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where his father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was Rector, the Laureate has immortalised the scenery round his birthplace in many an exquisite line of description. His "Ode to Memory" is full of them. He speaks of

> The seven elms, the poplars four,
> That stand beside my father's door;
>
> . . .
>
> The woods that belt the grey hillside;

and

> The thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds
> Upon the ridgèd wolds.

The Lincoln scenery about his home is given in the line

> The trenchèd waters run from sky to sky.

In a trip up the Thames the other day, I passed the church where the Laureate was married. This is Shiplake, a few miles from Caversham. It stands high above the river, and is famed for its painted windows, brought from the Abbey of St. Bertin, near St. Ouen. Lord Tennyson completed his eightieth birthday on Tuesday. English poetry owes him much, for he has never wavered in his fidelity to the Muse, from the day when his father asked what profession he would choose, and Alfred responded firmly, "I will be a poet."

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

We have all agreed that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a delightful writer, and I think that her portrait will show that the lady is as agreeable as her books. The reader of "Robert Elsmere"—and who has not now read the book?—will see that Mrs. Ward knows Oxford well. The beautiful city was the home of her girlhood, her father, Thomas Arnold, having all his life been associated with the University. He is perhaps best known as the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and the brother of the late Matthew Arnold, although he is himself an author, having written a useful text-book of English literature. Mrs. Ward's husband is the literary editor of the *Times*, and he has, in addition, written and edited a large number of useful publications—"Men of the Time," for example. Mrs. Ward, in addition to her absorbingly interesting novel, is also the author of "Miss Bretherton," a story of dramatic life, of which Miss Mary Anderson is the heroine. She has written many admirable criticisms of poets, and, best of all, has translated the "Journal" of Frederic Amiel—the remarkable life-history of a spiritually minded and gifted man. Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward reside at 61, Russell-square, and have a house at Haselmere for the summer.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

A New Painter.

I have great pleasure in cordially joining in the chorus of praise awarded in art circles to Mr. Dudley Hardy for his grandly impressive painting of the London Poor asleep in Trafalgar-square—called "Sans Asile," because it was first exhibited at the Paris Salon, where it was duly eulogised by the French critics. "Sans Asile" is a noble picture, thoroughly true to nature, and, at the same time, full of poetry—the best of poetry, which may stimulate the powerful to ameliorate the sad lot of the homeless in this big city. Infinitely pathetic are the groups of casuals, pictured with the masterly touch of genius, asleep, dead-tired, at the foot of the Nelson Column, just as the London Poor were actually seen by many of us at the close of the Queen's Jubilee Year. With weird irony, one of Landseer's dignified lions keeps watch above the wan sleepers—a grim hit at the thoughtless Rich who calmly leave the hungry to starve—and the variety of Poor Humanity clustered seemingly in a death-sleep testifies to the powers of observation of Mr. Dudley Hardy, who throws in a welcome gleam of hope in the shape of a streak of dawn. It was in a gallery at 9, Dean-street, Soho, that I had the privilege of viewing this touching picture, which is of heroic size, and which reflects the greatest credit (capital, too, I trust) upon Mr. Dudley Hardy, who is the talented young son of Mr. T. D. Hardy, the distinguished marine water-colour painter.

THE PROMPTER.

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BENSON'S CLUBS. Application for Agencies invited.

An Old Friend.—"Sir Roger" and "Lady" Tichborne have been occupying themselves at the Canterbury Music-Hall in Birmingham in detailing their trials and troubles. The ex-convict, who is not altered much, is still as confident as ever of his ultimate success as a claimant to the baronetcy; but the fact remains that his chief claim to distinction now is his fatness.

Yes, the Ruptured will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[Advt.]

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER XI.

SILENCED, but not defeated, the artful youth employed other means to discover the secret Stasie hid from him. After some dodging and watching he became aware that she carried a little packet of papers on her person. He found her studying them one morning when he entered her room in his stockinged feet, and remarked and remembered the hurried gesture with which she restored them to her bosom on becoming aware of his presence. He had his ideas about their nature, and, even if his supposition were mistaken, it seemed worth while to him to know anything of which anybody seemed concerned to keep him ignorant. In the small hours of the next morning he stole into the room, cautiously sought and secured Stasie's dress, and, returning to his own room, lit his candle, and found the mysterious papers in the pocket. As he had guessed, they were letters from Ralph. They were all more or less frayed and crumpled; but the one most obviously recent bore these words: "Dear Stasie,—I send you herewith twenty pounds. I have found something to do down here, and shall be able to send you more in a little time. Make it last as long as you can. The old address will find me if you should have occasion to write.—Yours, Ralph."

The old address. What was the old address? Michael examined the rest of the letters until he came to a single half-sheet of notepaper, on which had been hastily scrawled "Poste Restante, Becksford, till further notice. R." Michael rearranged the papers as he had found them, returned them to the pocket, from which he had also abstracted half-a-sovereign, restored the dress to his sister's room, and lay staring at the ceiling of his own for a good half-hour.

"I'll risk it," he said then, and blowing out the candle addressed himself to slumber.

He had intended to devote the whole of the day to his researches, but the Fates and his sister were against him. Missing the half-sovereign, which she supposed herself somehow to have lost, might have soured Stasie's temper; but Michael found her hard to bear that morning. She insisted on his aiding her in household matters, and degraded him by forcing him to make his own bed and sweep out his own room; and, when those tasks were completed, sent him to the other side of the Borough with a parcel of finished work, and on his return counted the money he brought back in payment for it with a particularity which Michael felt to be peculiarly uncalled for, and even insulting. He got away at last, however, and having, by the expenditure of twopence for a glass of beer and a look at an "A B C Guide," learned that Becksford was approachable from Charing-cross Station, repaired thither, and took his ticket.

Arrived at Becksford, he asked the porter at the station Mr. Ralph Purden's address, and was directed to the Manor House. He presented himself at the lodge-gate, and was admitted, rather under protest, on representing that his business was of a peculiarly pressing nature. The extent of the grounds and the size of the house shook him more than a little with conflicting emotions of fear and cupidity. The fear was of the kind which a vulgar nature inevitably feels when brought face to face with superior strength of any kind—especially with money or its evidences. Michael began to doubt his capacity to frighten a man who dwelt amid such splendour. He began to wonder if Ralph owned the place. Memories of melodramas wherein humble Virtue had bearded haughty Vice in its own gilded haunts occurred to him. He was here as the representative of Virtue, and he formed quaking resolves that his sister should only continue to be robbed of her fair share of her husband's ancestral glories for what he himself should consider a solid and sufficient reason. He meant to have it out with his brother-in-law, and not to be put upon or frightened by any airs the latter might assume. With these projects firing him, and the figure of Ralph, broad-shouldered and muscular, constantly obtruding itself on his mind's eye to cool him, he suffered a kind of moral ague. He wandered round in sight of the house for a good hour, constantly tingling with the meditated dash up to the door, and as often postponing it, till, as the air was just beginning to darken with the approach of evening, he saw Ralph coming towards him across an open space of turf. There was a clump of trees near at hand, and Michael mechanically dodged behind them. Ralph came on with downbent head and lingering step, and halted within the shadow of the trees, so near to his concealed watcher that Michael could have touched him with an outstretched hand. To the latter it seemed that Ralph must hear the beating of his heart, which filled his own ears with an oppressive loudness; but when a minute or so had passed, and he was still undiscovered, he took heart of grace, and, softly parting the leaves with his fingers, peered though. Ralph was leaning against a tree-trunk with his hands in his pockets. His hat-brim hid his face; but every line of his figure expressed profound dejection, and when at last he raised his head Michael saw with a curious shock that his eyes were blurred with tears. At that moment a footstep sounded near at hand upon the turf, and Michael cowered closer, only daring to raise his head at the sound of Ralph's voice. He crouched, an amazed witness of the scene, scarce daring to breathe, and eagerly drinking every word which Ralph or Elsie spoke. When at last they parted he followed the latter. Ralph he was certain of at any moment, and he thought it necessary to his plans to be as sure of his companion. He followed her stealthily, witnessed her meeting with her father, and saw them disappear together into Arkinstall's house.

It was all as clear as daylight. Ralph was going to commit bigamy. This unsuspected development of the little drama in which Michael had taken a part required thinking out before he determined on any definite action.

A man may be amazingly selfish and callous by nature and habitual practice, and yet have sufficient good left in some odd corner of his heart to surprise him in such exceptional circumstances as those by which Michael found himself surrounded. At the first blush it seemed to him perfectly obvious that honesty was his very poorest policy in this matter. What had he to gain by it? Literally nothing. And he had the chance of gaining much by simply standing aside and allowing matters to take their own course. With such a power as Ralph's bigamous

"And what the devil may you want?" he inquired, halting before him.

marriage would put into his hands, he could make his brother-in-law dance to what financial tune he would. It was an amazement to himself to find how strong was his impulse towards unremunerative honesty. For once in his life he saw another's interest larger than his own. This curious defect in Michael's mental vision was not likely to last long. He was not much given to the habit of introspection, as a rule; but to find himself thus qualmish about the commission of a perfectly safe and very profitable bit of rascality set him examining his mental machinery.

"Am I agoing orf my chump?" asked Michael. "What's come to me?"

His scruples did not last long, and by the time that he had reached the park wall, in which direction his musing steps had unconsciously borne him, they had quite evaporated. The sight of the village-roofs lying in the hollow below reminded him that he had an appetite, and he determined to think out his further movements while refreshing his inner man, made rather clamorous by unwonted exercise in country air. The wall at this point was easily scaled, and having dropped over it, after carefully taking his bearings so as to be able to return without again passing under the eye of the lodge-keeper, he betook himself to the village hostelry, and there commanded a plate of cold beef and a glass of his favourite beverage.

The question he debated was a simple one; but his meal was finished before he had found a definite answer. Should he at once proclaim his presence in the neighbourhood and demand an immediate earnest of the wages of scoundrelism, or should he go quietly back to London and wait for the consummation of Ralph's intended crime before descending on him? There were good reasons to be urged in favour of each of these two courses. He was exceedingly hard up, and would obviously get no more money out of Stasie. Indeed, in her present state of exasperation, Michael thought there was a fair chance of her refusing him even house-room much longer. On the other hand, there was the fear that his appearance at this juncture might frighten Ralph into renouncing his project. An attempt to blackmail him now would open his eyes as to what he might expect in the future if he deliberately put into Michael's hand such a weapon against his peace of mind as a bigamous marriage must necessarily be. Michael, weighing the pros and cons for immediate action, did not lay any great stress on this objection. If ever a man was desperately "mashed" on a woman in this world, it was Ralph, and the woman was the girl whom Michael had watched from his arms to her father's house. Such a passion would take the greatest obstacles in its stride, and would not be likely to reckon consequences. Ralph had bidden the girl to take her father into her confidence, and Michael was shrewd enough to know what that meant. She was obviously a lady of near Ralph's own position in the world; her dress, her speech, the house she lived in, forbade any other conclusion, and Michael told himself that Ralph, in authorising her disclosure to her father, had burned his boats. No man could play fast and loose with a lady like that, as if she were a shop-girl or a milliner.

Michael finished and paid for his dinner, and left the inn. His steps naturally carried him back to the quiet lane skirted by the park wall. He came to the spot over which he had recently climbed, and, after a careful survey of the neighbourhood to make sure he was unobserved, scaled the wall anew, and dropped into the park. He could see the dim bulk of the Manor House against the background of whitish sky, its blackness relieved by one broad ray of light proceeding from an open French window on the terrace. That light drew him towards the house. He walked on cautiously with his eyes alternately fixed on it, and taking quick furtive note of his surroundings till it was partially darkened by a figure which he recognised as Ralph's. He waited till Ralph withdrew into the room, and was pressing slowly on, when the sound of an approaching step met his ears. He was within thirty feet of the terrace wall, against which a line of thick-leaved shrub was planted. All around him was open space. He darted noiselessly forward to the only shelter that offered itself, and in another moment the light from the open window overhead fell on the face of John Arkinstall, as he passed along the path to the door of the house. Michael recognised him.

"It's all serene now, Michael."

"The gal's father," he said voicelessly. "It's

He heard Arkinstall's knock, his question, and the servant's answer, "Mr. Ralph is within, Sir," and the closing of the door, before he dared to stand upright again, and listened with straining ears for the next sound. It was only a minute or so before he caught the murmur of a voice, but the words were indistinguishable. So wild with curiosity as to lose for the moment all sense of personal fear, he ran with swift stealth up the steps and along the terrace to within a foot of the open window, and there, flattened against the wall amid the leaves of the creepers with which the house was swathed, listened anew with bated breath.

Ralph had caught the sound of Arkinstall's foot outside, and knew his visitor before he heard the familiar voice speak his name to the servant at the door. He rose from the chair in which he had been sitting, and awaited Arkinstall's entrance in a curious dull calm. On the old man's appearance he advanced and took the hat which he still retained, and set a chair for him. Arkinstall put his hand upon it, and remained looking at Ralph for some seconds before speaking.

"I had a communication from my daughter this evening," he said at last. His face and voice were grave, and his speech deliberate, but his perfect calm was something of a surprise to the man he addressed.

"Yes, Sir," said Ralph, with the ordinary air of deference, with which he always addressed Arkinstall, unaltered.

"I won't say that I was surprised at it. On the contrary, I had been expecting it for some time, and had been rather surprised it was not made before."

"May I hope, Sir," said Ralph, "that you were not very much pained by it?"

"I was greatly pained by it," said Arkinstall.

"I am sorry, Sir," began the young man. Arkinstall continued as if he had not spoken.

"You are the very last man whom I should choose for my daughter's husband. I tell you plainly that such influence as I have with the child will be used against you, and that I shall do all I can to make her alter her mind respecting you."

"Suppose, Sir," said Ralph, "that I should be so fortunate as to make you alter your mind respecting me?"

"I don't think that likely," replied Arkinstall drily.

"It is, perhaps, likelier than you think, Sir," said Ralph. He had looked forward to this interview with great misgivings, and had wondered much what line Arkinstall would take. He had expected him to be angry and abusive, and had himself determined to be uniformly courteous and deferential. He did not think the old man at all the kind of person to be moved by amorous ravings, and proved his shrewdness thereby. He would be quiet and calm, and let his manner alone hint that he could bear and forgive any outrage from Elsie's father.

"I don't think it at all likely," said Arkinstall again. The discovery of Elsie's love for Ralph had more than revived his dislike for the young man: it had converted that feeling into something very like positive hatred. In one solitary instance he did Ralph wrong. He had no belief in his affection for Elsie; but conscientiously believed that the girl's money was the sole object of his pursuit. It was from the belief which explained his next utterance.

"Don't let us beat about the bush. I'm a man of business; you're a man of the world. How much do you want to go away and leave the girl alone?"

Ralph's start of horrified amazement at this was as real as any expression of emotion could be. His surprise literally robbed him of speech. Arkinstall looked at him with a sort of admiration of his powers as a comedian. "Name your figure."

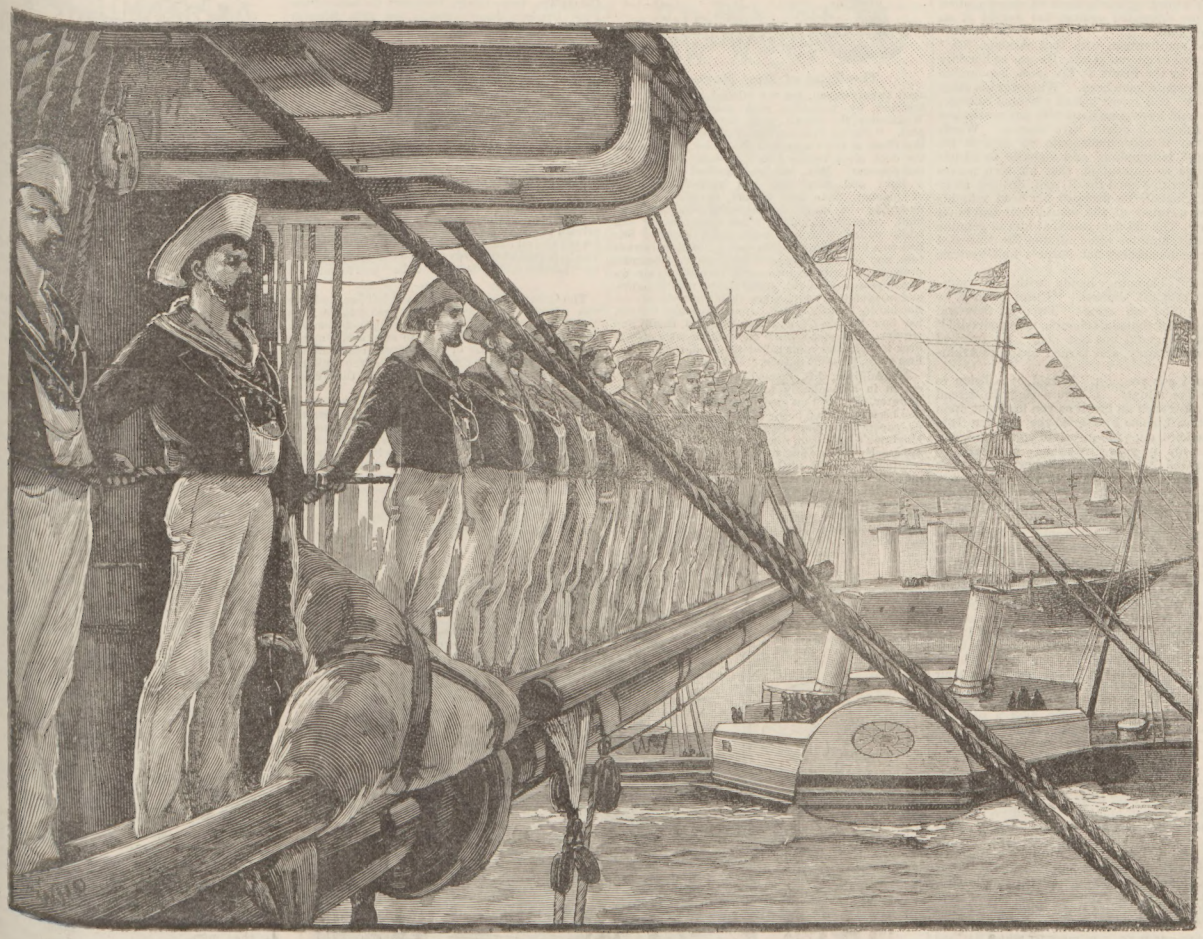
"How much?" he asked again.

"What," cried Ralph, with a sudden rage of revolt at this unexpected insult, "have I done to deserve this?"

"I intend," said Arkinstall, perfectly unmoved, "to give Elsie a cheque for ten thousand pounds on her wedding-day. I'll make it twenty, and sign it now, if you'll give me a written promise to leave England to-morrow morning for ten years."

Ralph stared at him with quickened breath and a quivering lip.

"Not enough?" asked Arkinstall. He took his cheque-book from his pocket and threw it on the table. "Draw a cheque for any amount you like, and I'll sign it."



THE GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD: JACK TARS MANNING THE YARDS.

ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW: CAPTAINS OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL YACHT.

Ralph's working hands made an errant motion as if they struggled against the weight of an invisible chain.

"Send another man with that message, Sir," he managed to get out at last. He was as horribly wounded by the insult as the most honourable man alive could have been. Whatever his other failings, he had never lacked personal courage, and it would have gone hard with any messenger whom Arkinstall might have chosen. Words seemed so utterly inadequate to express his wrath and indignation, and violence to Elsie's father was so impossible, that his torn nerves broke under this cruel insult, and, turning away from Arkinstall, he dropped his head into his hands on a corner of the mantelshelf and burst into tears. The old man stared at him in genuine amazement, and for some minutes the concealed listener heard nothing but Ralph's half-hysteric sobs.

"Gettin' blooming handy with the waterworks," thought Michael. "Clean mashed, he must be, and no error! Twen-ty thousand pounds, and if that ain't enough, help yourself!"

Ralph's tears did not last long. He brushed them angrily away, and turned again to Arkinstall.

"I will ask you, Sir," he said, "to listen to me for one minute. I have a right to defend myself after such an insult as you have put upon me. Have I, since I accepted the position Tom gave me here, once put myself in your daughter's way, except by your invitation? Not once, so help me God! I have done my best not to love her, to forget her, to teach her to despise me. I had succeeded, when we met to-day by accident—simple accident—on both sides. I knew why you were taking her away, and I had made up my mind that I would go before you returned, and never trouble her again. D' ye think I want you to tell me that I 'm not worthy of her? Worthy of her! Who is? She 's an angel? I had acted like a scoundrel towards her, I own it, and broken her heart, and she came and pitied me—me!" He broke out into a screaming oath, with a wild break in his voice. "How could I help it? D' ye think my veins run milk and water? Love her? Yes. I love her! I love her! I love her! Try your damndest, and see if you can part us!"

Arkinstall stood like one who, thinking to light a candle, finds that he has fired a powder-magazine. If this were acting, then he had for prospective son-in-law the greatest comedian who ever trod the boards before or behind the floats.

Ralph's mood of wild defiance lasted as short a time as his preceding tears.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said brokenly.

"I beg yours," said Arkinstall. Ralph stared at him, passing his hand across his eyes to chase away a film which troubled them. Arkinstall's face was grave, but the hardness had gone out of it. He was a lover and practiser of justice, and he felt a noble shame that he should have insulted so real a passion. For the moment Ralph's misdeeds were forgotten, and Arkinstall saw before him only a man to whom he had been betrayed into doing a cruel injustice. He did not even pause to think how completely he had put himself into Ralph's hands by that one false step, but, with the ingrained honesty of his nature, owned it, and asked for pardon.

"I thought it was the girl's money you were after," he said simply.

"You had a right to think it, I suppose," answered Ralph, "and I had no right to be offended at it."

Arkinstall was cruelly perplexed. He had really thought the idea of offering Ralph a thumping sum of money to relinquish his claim on Elsie a good one. He had seen an easy way by that means out of a difficulty which otherwise offered no satisfactory escape.

"I beg your pardon," he said again. "It's something to know that you really love the girl, and are not a mere fortune-hunter." There was nothing for it but to make a conditional surrender, with such grace as he could summon. "I shall not permit any definite engagement between you yet—not for a year, at least. During that time you will be free to see Elsie at all reasonable hours, in the presence of a third person. It all depends upon yourself, Ralph, my lad. If you really love the little girl, you won't be the first scamp who has been pulled out of the fire by a good woman. We will say nothing about the past—that 's buried, unless you choose to dig it up again. Put your back into your work, prove your right to my confidence, and you shall have it. But I warn you that if you go back to the old ways, you must expect no mercy. Half-and-half repentance won't do for me. If it comes to breaking the child's heart in one of two ways, I 'll take the shorter."

Arkinstall took up his hat, and fixed it on his head with the air of a man who has spoken his ultimatum and may be expected to abide by it. Ralph rose mechanically to accompany him to the door. He felt that this was the moment for protestation of good intentions, and hunted a bewildered brain for fitting phrases, but could find none. On the step, Arkinstall shook hands with him in a fashion rather like that in which the ceremony is performed by a prize-ring combatant, and they parted without another word. Ralph stood in the welcome chill of the night air watching the old man's figure until it disappeared among the shadows, and then took to pacing along the terrace. A rustle in the leaves of the creeper beside the open window of the room he had just quitted caught his ear, and he saw Michael, apparently endeavouring to bore his way through the wall in order to escape detection.

"And what the devil may you want?" he inquired, halting before him.

(To be continued.)

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On Dr. Ridge's Food.—[Advt.]

How the World Wags

The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick,

aged twenty-seven, for the alleged murder of her husband by poisoning with arsenic, opened on Wednesday, the 31st ult., at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. "Put up Florence Elizabeth Maybrick," said the Clerk of the Court, and the jailer, going down the dock steps, returned in a moment followed by the prisoner. Mrs. Maybrick walked alone, with a light and easy gait and perfect steadiness of manner. She was attired in deep widow's mourning—a crape bonnet with streamers behind, crape jacket with short open sleeves, and white cuffs. She also wore black gloves. She had on a black veil, but this was quite thin in texture, and in no way obscured her features. Observers pronounced her to be a woman of exceedingly attractive appearance—slight, graceful, and neat in figure, and in profile, at least, more than passably pretty. She hardly looked her age. Her complexion is light, her hair "frizzed," and her features small and regular. She stood while the indictment was read over to her, and when asked to plead, replied in a firm voice, pleasant in tone, "Not guilty."

Mr. Addison, Q.C., opened the case for the prosecution in a studiously fair manner, emphasising, however, the fact that arsenic or some other powder had been found in a bottle of meat-extract, and that fly-papers containing arsenic had been found in Mrs. Maybrick's bed-room, some of them soaking in water, apparently with a view to extracting the poisonous substance. Mr. Michael Maybrick, the well-known musical composer, and brother of the deceased, gave evidence that he had found his brother in a very weak state of health, and had remonstrated with the prisoner on her not having more medical attendance, and also that he had expressed a suspicion of the case. Dr. Hopper, one of the family physicians, was then called, and from him Sir Charles Russell, the prisoner's counsel, elicited the fact that the deceased was in the habit of using nerve tonics and of "dosing himself." The evidence of the chemists who supplied the fly-papers to Mrs. Maybrick, and who admitted that they might have been used for cosmetic purposes, closed the day's proceedings.

The trial lasted six days, some witnesses giving evidence that the deceased was a confirmed arsenic-taker before his marriage, sometimes stirring the drug into his medicine with a spoon. The doctors gave evidence of a very conflicting nature, several declaring that arsenic was the cause of death, but Dr. Tidy, of the Home Office, insisted that there were no symptoms of this poison.

On Monday the prisoner herself made a statement, in which she declared that she had used fly-papers for the preparation of a wash for the skin; that in the Valentine's meat-juice she had, at her husband's own request, and on his assurance that it would not harm him, put a white powder which he had given her; and that before his death a complete reconciliation took place between them, "for the love of their children." During the delivery of this statement, Mrs. Maybrick showed great emotion. Sir Charles Russell wished to call two witnesses to prove that she had made it to them before the inquest, but the Judge regretfully decided that the law would not permit that course.

After an eloquent speech for the defence by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Justice Stephen concluded his summing up on Wednesday, when the jury gave their verdict—Guilty.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. The Shah having gone to Paris, the Emperor of Germany's visit to England has absorbed all attention. On the 2nd of August her Majesty the Queen received her grandson at Osborne, when a banquet was given in his honour, the Emperor sitting on the right hand of the Queen. On the 3rd there was to have been a grand Naval Review off Portsmouth; but the stormy and misty weather caused the Review to be postponed till Monday.

The Emperor William has sent a telegram to the Duke of Coburg from Osborne, expressing his great admiration at the magnificent sight which the fleet afforded at Spithead. At the same time he informed him of his appointment as Admiral of the Fleet, while he appointed the Queen and the Duke of Cambridge, respectively, Honorary Colonels of the First Dragoon Guards and of the 28th Rhenish Infantry Regiment, which once bore the name of the Duke of Wellington.

The Queen not only gave the Shah her miniature set in diamonds, which was attached to a ribbon of Garter blue, but her Majesty conferred the Grand Cross of the Bath upon the Persian Grand Vizier, and herself placed the ribbon round his Excellency's neck. Several members of the suite received the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Was the Queen a witness of the first division on the Royal Grants question? As is well known, her Majesty was in London on that particular Friday night, and the story goes that three noble Lords were responsible for the presence in one of the ultra-private observatory boxes of the House of Commons, for the arrival and departure, of a lady closely veiled. The report that this lady was the Queen is declared by "London correspondents" to be "well founded"!

The Queen's rheumatism has not left her, and she was advised that, under these circumstances, the Naval Review would tax her strength too much. Her Majesty was nothing loth to stay away, as she cannot bear the noise of the salutes fired from the ships; and having the Emperor with her she could not dispense with the salutes, as she did at the Jubilee Naval Review.

The Prince of Wales is far from well, says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. He is troubled with a gouty affection of the eyes, and also with a recurrence of the venous inflammation of the leg which he has had in a greater or less degree ever since his typhoid fever in the winter of 1871-2. His medical attendant, Sir Oscar Clayton, did not at all approve of the Prince undergoing the fatigue inseparable from a long day's riding in field marshal's uniform at the review at Aldershot.

MRS. MAYBRICK IN COURT.

The Shah received the Corps Diplomatique on Aug. 2 in Paris, and thanked the Ambassadors for the friendship which the Governments they severally represented had shown him. After the reception he was visited by the Imperial Princes of Japan and of Annam, who are in Paris for the Exhibition. His Majesty then visited the Exhibition, and went up to the door of a lift in the Eiffel Tower, but could not make up his mind to ascend in it. He made many purchases, including a diamond, for which he paid £1280. In the evening his Majesty drove to the Ministry of Commerce, to dine with M. and Mdme. Tirard, and was present at the after-dinner reception given in his honour.

The Eiffel Tower continues to be the greatest success of the Paris Exhibition. The lifts are to be enlarged to enable them to carry a greater number of persons to the top, and to prevent, as far as possible, the long waiting which now occurs. The total receipts since the opening of the tower on May 15 to July 30 amount to 2,421,739f.

Three men from Wellington, Weymouth, and Shepherd's-bush, each of whom has been bitten by a mad dog, have just been sent to M. Pasteur's institution in Paris at the expense of the Lord Mayor's fund.

Miss Kate Watson, third daughter of Mr. Watson, of the firm of Messrs. J. R. Young and Co., ship-brokers, Glasgow, lost her life in an heroic attempt to save a boy from drowning, on Saturday last, at North Berwick. Two boys and a girl, the sons and daughter of Mr. Curle, solicitor, Melrose, were bathing at a spot where several fatal accidents have occurred in past years, when they were drawn in, apparently by an undercurrent. They were being carried away, when their perilous position was noticed by Miss Kate Watson and others from the shore. The young lady, who had been bathing, and had just finished dressing, at once swam out to the rescue. Though the distance was considerable, she reached one of the boys—Gerald. The boy was saved; but the young lady was either seized with cramp or became exhausted, as she immediately afterwards disappeared. The other boy and the girl were rescued. Miss Kate Watson was about twenty years of age.

Railway Servants.—Signalmen. Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink Cadbury's Cocoa, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

Music & the Drama

All playgoers who admire genuine talent will, I am sure, unite with me in offering every good wish to the charming young actress here sketched on her marriage with Mr. E. W. Gardiner, the favourite *jeune premier* of Drury-Lane and other metropolitan theatres.

MISS KATE RORKE.

Miss Kate Rorke, like her elder sister, Mary Rorke (a similarly popular actress), is a daughter of the genial picture-frame maker whose well-known shop is opposite Westminster Abbey. Mr. Rorke may be excused for keeping his clever daughter Kate unmarried as long as ever he could, for so winsome an actress must have been as sunshine in his home. The original Sophia and original heroine of "Joseph's Sweetheart" at the Vaudeville, where her rare charm and naturalness had no little to do with the success of Mr. Robert Buchanan's successful pieces, Kate Rorke is one of the most delightful ladies on the stage. Her naïveté an dvivacity of style are quite irresistible (as much-envied Mr. Gardiner has found). She has hitherto reached the height of her histrionic powers in Mr. Pinero's moving play of "The Profligate," her grand scene in which—I refer to the supreme moment when she is aghast to find that her husband-lover has previously loved and abandoned another woman—will not soon be forgotten. Let us hope that, when her genuine honeymoon is over and artistic instincts resume their sway, Kate Rorke, or Mrs. Gardiner, will engross us with many a fresh creation, full of sweet, womanly tenderness, at the Garrick, under the banner of Mr. John Hare.

The great Sarah has departed from the Lyceum; but Mr. Joseph Hurst, trusty henchman of Mr. Irving, has returned full of his trip to hospitable Hamburg, sunny of face, and loud in praise of the princely chief of the Lyceum.

By reason of its proximity to the Savoy Theatre was it, I presume, that I was courteously invited to inspect the new Savoy Hotel, which has sprung up as if by enchantment on the verge of the Thames Embankment gardens, a little to the west of Waterloo Bridge. The Savoy is a palatial establishment, luxuriously fitted up in the best of good taste at the command of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and should become a residential paradise. Comfort reigns throughout the Savoy. It is lit by Electricity—the safest, cleanest, brightest, best illuminating medium. The Savoy, in fine, may be pronounced a decided success, worthy to rank with the Métropole and Victoria Hotels. With such Past Masters in the art of public catering as Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Michael Gunn at the head of affairs, the Savoy is bound to succeed.

I am told that pretty little Nikita, the young cantatrice, completely fascinated Baron Alfred de Rothschild's party the other night. The musical programme, chosen by the Baron himself, was admirably executed by the sweet songtress, who was enthusiastically applauded.

Musical London—all that is left of it—will for the nexth month or so have to rest contented with the rival Promenade Concerts. Mr. Freeman Thomas has the start of a week. On the current Saturday night he resumes the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts, with Signor Arditi as conductor. Let him give us plenty of lively dance music, and his fortune will be secured. Signor Bevignani is to wave the bâton at Her Majesty's, the promenade concerts at which renovated house will commence on Saturday next.

Let a hearty word of praise be given to the management of the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel. I chanced to drop into the Pavilion the other night, and was delighted by the really excellent performance of Mr. Hall Caine's Manx play "Ben-my-Chree," by Mr. Charles Dornton's first-rate touring company. The Dan Mylrea of Mr. Charles Weir was to the full as picturesque as Wilson Barrett's creation of the part; and Mr. W. McEwan's Davy Fayle was even better than George Barrett's representation of the same character. While the Mona of Miss A. Balfour was soft and tender, the Gilchrist Mylrea of Mr. Charles Dornton was a model of perfect elocution. But what impressed me most was the gentlemanly and talented rendering of the part of Mr. Harcourt by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, a rising young actor who has deservedly won the admiration of Mr. Hermann Vezin, and who in his love-making scene distinguished himself by genuine fervour.

The excessive heat prevailing at Bokhara is causing great mortality among the inhabitants, who are shutting themselves up to escape from it. According to the official report, 702 persons, exclusive of children, died between the 14th and 17th ult.

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

The Racing World

Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes

make the Sussex fortnight a period in each year's racing history, which has not quite so marked an individuality since the new and improved system of settling came into vogue—not before alteration was needed. In the old days, which are not so far removed, noble and other punters would keep the ball rolling from the Tuesday of Goodwood Meeting to the Saturday of Lewes, which then, as now, followed Brighton. I am afraid that putting off the day of reckoning frequently makes the score far heavier than the bookmakers' customers ever intended to let it reach. Not unfrequently, too, the extra license led to gambling arranged on the off chance. Surely, said reckless punters—surely once in a fortnight we shall get well ahead, and can then leave off with a big balance. A leading feature of all such calculations is that the speculator will leave off when he is fairly ahead of his natural enemy—the bookmaker. To do the ardent investor no less than justice, he does honestly lay himself out to cease tempting fortune when he is what is called a good winner. Writing these notes, as I am, at the

Old Ship, Brighton,

I have the alteration in systems brought right home to me when I think of the old business which used to turn the pavement in front of Mr. Robert Bacon's hotel into a sort of mixture of betting-ring and Tattersall's. Very few betting clubs, except the swell West-End social establishments at which gambling was a specialty, had then been invented. After racing, after dinner, and before backers and layers made a move to White Hawk Down or Lewes, a regular market was in swing outside the Ship, and thousands of pounds betted.

My memory is not what it was. Possibly my memory is as good as formerly, but with increasing years is asked to carry more than a proper load. Yet, admitting that I may not be quite accurate, I think I am right in saying that Davies, or Davis, laid Lord St. Vincent, owner of Lord Clifden, £11,000 to £1,000 against that horse for the St. Leger; also, I believe I make no mistake in telling readers that Lord St. Vincent had the bet in ready money—that is to say, put up the thousand pounds. I am not firm in that detail, but feel sure I am right in recording that on the day after the St. Leger—or was it at the subscription rooms at Doncaster on the evening of the victory of the colt, which was left so far behind at the start that its chance appeared quite hopeless?—the carpenter paid Lord St. Vincent twelve crisp banknotes, each of a thousand pounds.

This Davis, or Davies,

was a singular man, who, I hope, for the sake of common humanity's average, died mad, or, at least, was insane when he made his will. There is no doubt that he made his first substantial start towards raking a fortune together by using trust money. His luck was in—as a matter of fact, the man, while working as a carpenter for Messrs. Cubitt, who were then building Kemp Town, Brighton, for many years a losing speculation—having overheard Lord George Bentinck giving a friend a tip which came off. All the available funds of his own, and all that Davis, or Davies, could come by, went on the good thing, which won. The carpenter forsook his bench, and, having seriously put his hand to the betting plough, never looked back. As I recollect him he was

A Strict Teetotaler,

who regarded not moderation in the matter of fruit. Grapes might be at two guineas per pound; that made no difference to Davis, who took them almost as most folk dose themselves with stimulants.

When, after years of persistently daring, if systematic, betting against favourites, Davis's health gave way, critics were not wanting to explain the breakdown on the ground that while subjecting his constitution to the terrible strain consequent on heavy gambling he would not meet extra strain on his mental or physical resources by allowing himself a little stimulant. Be that as it may, the fact stands in history that Davis did break down, and in his enfeebled condition was most faithfully and assiduously nursed by his wife. For years that devoted helpmeet tended her paralysed spouse, who lived in retirement in a house looking on to St. Peter's Church, Brighton.

He died four or five years ago. You will see the fact commemorated on a slab at the entrance of Brighton's Public—otherwise Davis's—Park, on the London-road from that metropolitan suburb. By his will he gave the borough all his hoard, and left his poor wife out in the cold. Manifestly something was wrong with a testator who would do this sort of thing; and when the widow talked of fighting, and did begin action to set aside the will, she held a strong primâ facie case.

Brighton's Corporation

recognised this, and soon effected a compromise, under which Mrs. Davis was to receive £700 a year on annuity. She lived only a year or two, and the borough can thank the bookmaker for one of the greatest improvements effected in its confines.

Here have I been running off with old-time yarns of bookmakers, bookmaking, and settling, and leaving the turf technical business and current history to go as it pleases or does not please. Perhaps I have not done so very wrong after all, for, classically speaking, Croydon Bank Holiday Meeting does not exist at all, Brighton is not a remove above plating, and Lewes comes too late for me to tackle.

I Like Croydon,

the new course it is, though old established, as a successor to the old one. Much may be adduced against the plan of the track, the starting-point for five-furlong races, the hill, and all. Still, withal, I do dearly like Croydon as a course, which claims a very extensive *clientèle* content to take it as it is. We get plenty of sneers at Croydon from people who believe in Brighton. At its best Brighton town is good. If it were not for the company Brighton course would be ditto; but, oh! what a company do we get there! For downright raffishness—raffishness of the old Cremorne sort, only with the gas off and the garish sunshine showing up all imperfections or so-called improvements—Brighton stands unique. As a race-meeting it virtually abandoned its old claim to cup class when its committee played pranks in withholding the Brighton Cup because so many or so few started for it. The Cup dropped from a weight-for-age affair to a handicap, from a long distance to a short race. In its process of decadence it served a good turn, because influential owners who entered horses for it and sent them to run waxed very wroth when the piece of plate was withheld if the race ended in a walk-over. Out of this evil came the good Jockey Club law which compels the people who advertise such a prize to give it, if only one entrant came to the post; but the meeting has sunk, and, though all right for a holiday occasion, is not intrinsically of importance. The last bet I saw on the St. Leger was £900 to £400 on Donovan. Practically the layer of nine hundred pounds risked that big sum on the belief that the Duke of Portland's colt would come to the post at Doncaster in good health and fit. If he does, you cannot name the odds which ought to be laid on him. Should anything happen to the Duke's colt and Quartus be right, I shall look to Middleham to supply the winner.

The World of Pastime

Cricket—Kent v. Surrey.

THE story of this match at Blackheath shall be told principally by the pen of our lightning artist, who attends the chief metropolitan gatherings on behalf of the numerous readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and whose vivid cricket, cycle, and pedestrian sketches are being duly appreciated throughout the kingdom.

For me, leaving the capital sketches of my confrère to speak for themselves, I will content myself with saying that Surrey beat Kent on Saturday last by seven wickets; the tie-ing of Mr. K. J. Key and Mr. W. W. Read with 79 apiece being the most noticeable feature of Surrey's first innings; Mr. F. Marchant's 74 in the second innings being Kent's biggest score, and the totals being: Surrey, 252 and 68; Kent, 164 and 155.

The Public Schools.

The second important public school cricket-match, Rugby v. Marlborough, ended in a good victory for Marlborough, who in Collins have a very fine bat, especially on the off side. Rugby were a very sorry lot when they were all out in the first innings for 66, and showed poor form in the field. But Nicholls will make a fine all-round cricketer, as he is a good bat, a very fast bowler, and a

capital slip. Against Harrow, Past and Present, he made 95 on Saturday last. For Harrow, St. F. Fair made 114, and F. S. Jackson (the Harrow School captain) 88, the first wicket falling for the nice total of 178. Jackson is bound to be heard of again in the ranks of the gentlemen.

The Norwood Swimming Club

is to be congratulated upon doing excellent work. One of the objects that this club always keeps in view is the inculcation of the art of swimming by ladies, and one day last week an entertainment was given in which the competitors were all ladies, fathers of those competing being invited to witness the prowess of their daughters. Those who have been present at an upset in the river, in which those immersed have been ladies and gentlemen versed in the art of swimming, know how very different such an affair is from one in which everyone is ignorant of the same. It is quite the regulation thing now for all

Ladies Frequenting the Thames to be Able to Swim,

the result being that a fatal accident is very rarely heard of, though immersions are very common occurrences. Most riverside places have their ladies' swimming clubs; and any morning, at Molesey, at nine o'clock, a large number of ladies of all ages may be seen swimming backwards and forwards across the river.

Swimming in Clothes.

Among the competitions at Norwood was a very useful one—viz., a race in clothes. Besides the ordinary swimming costume, the competitors had to wear a dress and flannel petticoat, boots, stockings, and hat—a good load for anyone to support in the water, though it is a common error to suppose that it is a wonderful thing for a woman to be able to swim. Swimming is regarded too much in the light of an athletic feat; for women, as a matter of fact, are physically better adapted for swimming than are men: and, if things were only so arranged that women could get as much practice as men, there would be more of them swimmers. As it is, the great majority of the lady swimmers belong to the better class, the opportunities for practice that can be taken by those less fortunately placed in life being few and far between. This most emphatically should not be. Some of our very best male swimmers come from the ranks of the very lowly, and their sisters should have the same

opportunity for perfecting themselves in the art. The sanctity of human life should demand this.

Norwood Mermaids.

Some of the Norwood ladies showed great proficiency. Most of the competitors used the breaststroke, but some swam on the side, though not one was seen to employ the overhand stroke. The few who dived in when the word to start was given gained a great advantage, for the majority had not mastered the art of diving, and merely jumped in, feet first. In the plunging competition 45 ft. was accomplished, which may be considered very good. I hope that other swimming clubs will follow the example of Norwood and foster swimming by ladies. I am sure that the Otter Swimming Club has only to read this to take up the idea.

In connection with this subject is the

Life-Saving Competitions

that are being organised by the Amateur Swimming Association. The idea is to have competitions held in different districts, the clubs in each district managing the meeting; and, in addition to the competition, an experienced person will lecture upon the proper way to approach drowning persons, and the reasons for doing so. Further, it is proposed to have a medical expert present who will illustrate the proper methods for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned, as recommended by the Royal Humane Society. These directions, by-the-way, can always be obtained in printed form, and should be studied by all.

A Committee of the A.S.A.

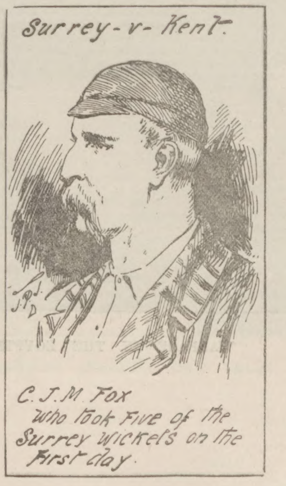
decided upon their plan of action some time ago, and a special council was to have been called to take it into consideration, but, for no reason that is apparent, no council meeting is called. The honorary secretary should be reminded that time is passing at the same speedy rate as usual in this year of grace, and that some move should be made if the contests are to take place this year. In the meantime, that pushing young club the Tadpole is going to include such a contest in its programme of Sept. 18. I remember, many years ago, the Otter Swimming Club holding such a competition, a sort of Guy Fawkes dummy being used, and it proved to be a very heavy thing to bring to land—much heavier, I should say, than would be a human body.

Punting Championship.

As I said would be the case, the punting championship went to Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., who won with the most ridiculous ease, the second man being some 200 yards behind. A very pretty contest was the double-punting, lady and gentleman. To everyone's surprise, especially her own, the most accomplished lady punter on the river, Miss Benningfield, was beaten, her younger brother, cruel to state, with Miss Maude Lumley being their victors.

Putney Opinion.

So far as the practice of the two great scullers has gone, the opinion of Putney is in favour of Searle, the Australian. BANSHEE.



EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF

THOMAS WOOTON,

GENTLEMAN,

A long way and a long time after Pepys.

Dated 17th September, 1925.

DURING the last several weeks our great and glorious London has gone through such trouble that, as I write and think of it, it makes my blood run cold, and my flesh seems to creep.

Even last year, while war seemed to be threatening every European nation, never once did I think that London, that great city that could boast of its matchless defence against invasion—I mean the Silver Streak—that it, impassive though it be in its own way, yet by reason of the confidence that was placed in it would play us false.

Our mammoth ironclads, that scientifically should do so much, but practically seem to do so little when the hour of trial comes, broke down. Our sailors—who dares deny it?—are as fearless and skilful as in 1588 or 1805, but their ships are unmanageable—their engines, which, so to speak, are the heart of these monsters, become useless when the boldest sailor and admirals and captains of the greatest resource become powerless. Such was the unhappy condition of England's Navy, and, in consequence, London, the envy of the world, was surrounded by our foes. Yes, the sacking of London would supply ample reward for bankrupt nations driven to desperation by their want of gold and silver.

But Londoners did not give way to despair; there was still some business carried on, and that by means which forty years ago would not have been thought of.

The underground telegraph system, which is in use all over the kingdom, the enemy failed to cut, notwithstanding their utmost efforts; and so, though London was surrounded, yet were the inhabitants able to feel touch with things outside.

The great firms of London—and they are many—knew they ought to do something for the execution of orders on their books, and now long outstanding. But what could they do? The Thames, the railways and roads near and about London were all in the hands of the enemy. There were not a few merchants and manufacturers to whom the prompt delivery of their goods was of more importance to them than the value of the articles. There were none, however, that felt the necessity of this more than Mr. P. J. Rumney, of Dr. Ridge's Food fame. He knew well that babies accustomed to Ridge's Food do not thrive by their food being changed, while for the delicate children and invalids they were filled with the deepest concern. Something they would do, no matter what the expense. A plan was suggested, and which may be described as follows:—

Balloons were dispatched, to which were attached parachutes—usually two—and instead of a man as the weight there was placed a bale of goods. Skilful balloonists took charge of these, and when in a safe and convenient position the parachutes were set free. The folk outside were all on the look-out for these aërial freights from the Metropolis, and knew that their services would be rewarded by the authorities. In less than two days, as a rule, would be telegraphed the message to the London firm that the goods had, either by road or rail, reached their destination, or had been placed as freight on board ship. And so the books were duly kept; while the Londoners, never quite desponding, gathered courage, for they knew that the Volunteers, who now for the first time were to be actually tested both for courage and discipline, would do all that was possible—and that possible was to win.

They came from the North and the West, while the London Volunteers were acting in unison within, and by one grand and sudden effort London was free.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD
FOR
INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

To be obtained of all the leading Chemists and Grocers.

WARFARE IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT: AN ARAB AMBUSH.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SEAL DIFFICULTY IN THE BEHRING STRAITS: HOW SEALS ARE CAUGHT.

BRITISH VICTORY ON THE NILE.

THE Illustration we print of an Arab Ambush, drawn by a skilful German Artist, affords a faithful notion of the frenzied rush of the fanatical hosts of the Soudan. Their latest attack on the Anglo-Egyptian Forces defending the Upper Nile was as dashing as ever—and was as fruitless.

General Grenfell Engaged the Dervishes
on Saturday last, Aug. 3, near Toski, completely routing them. Wad-el-Nejoomi was killed, and the Dervish loss is estimated at fifteen hundred. The British General marched out from Toski at five in the morning with a strong reconnoitring force, composed of the 20th Hussars, the Egyptian cavalry, and the Camel Corps, for the purpose of making a reconnaissance of the enemy's position. He succeeded in reaching the extreme left of the Dervish camp, which was in all the confusion incidental to the preparations for an immediate march.

No sooner was the approach of the combined British and Egyptian force descried than the

Dervish Riflemen Opened a Rapid Fire,
before which General Grenfell fell back. Taking a north-easterly direction, the General, with an admirable strategy, gradually drew after him the whole Dervish force. Thus the mounted troops retired to within some four miles of Toski, when the Infantry battalions moved up and occupied a position on the ridge of the hills, the especial purpose of this operation being to cut off any further advance of the Dervishes northward. A general action now began.

Colonel Kitchener
assumed command of the mounted troops, and led them in some brilliant charges, which broke up the enemy's ranks. But the chief share in securing the day's victory was with the two infantry brigades, commanded by Colonel Wodehouse, and the Egyptian artillery, under Major Rundle. These troops, ably led, advanced with the greatest steadiness, taking up position after position, and driving the enemy before them. At every point they had to confront a gallant resistance from the Dervishes, who showed a splendid resolution, and retreated only when their heavy losses forced them to give way. Seeing that

The Decisive Moment
had come, the Sirdar now gave the order for the whole Egyptian line to advance. The cavalry were on the right and the infantry on the left. From this time the issue of the day was not for an instant in doubt. Moving forward with unfaltering steadiness, the infantry gradually rolled back the enemy from point to point and from hill to hill in brilliant fashion.

Not content with stubborn defence, the Dervishes dashed forward again and again from their positions and charged the advancing columns, but their desperate assaults availed nothing against the steady force of the infantry brigades. Meanwhile isolated skirmishes were taking place on the Egyptian extreme right, which the Dervishes made several attempts to turn. Here the cavalry rendered most effective service, and it is reported that it was in their charges that Nejoomi and his Emirs fell.

Finally, after an action lasting altogether for seven hours,

General Grenfell's Victory
was complete. The Dervish army was annihilated. Its leaders were killed, and some 1500 of the fighting men lay dead on the field, while the scattered remnants of Nejoomi's force were in full retreat to the south. Gun-boats were sent up the river in pursuit of the fugitives. The Egyptian loss in killed and wounded was about 100, including

Lieutenant Cotton Severely and Major Hunter Slightly Wounded.
On receiving the news of the victory, the Khedive telegraphed his congratulations to General Grenfell and the troops.

On receipt of the news of the Dervish defeat on the Nile, a deputation of sheiks and merchants attended the Governor of Souakim with congratulations. To celebrate the event Souakim was on Sunday evening illuminated. The belief prevailed that the Soudan will speedily be opened again to trade.

ANGLO - AMERICAN SEAL FISHERIES DIFFICULTY.

FAIR readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* who in winter-time rejoice in the possession of sealskin cloaks and jackets will, we are sure, be interested in Mr. Overend's vigorous Drawing of how seals are caught, and will unite with us in cordially hoping that the present little difficulty with the United States respecting the Seal Fisheries in the Behring Straits will be speedily removed by the Common-Sense of both Governments.

Amusing Capture of the British Steamer Black Diamond.

The steamer Dora arrived at San Francisco from the Behring Sea, bringing first and detailed news of "the capture" of the British sealer Black Diamond by the U.S. cutter Richard Rush. But we are glad to see by the statement of the gallant skipper of the Black Diamond that the alleged "capture" was turned into the detention of the American "man in possession." This is the quaint and diverting story of the Captain of the Black Diamond, we learn from the *New York Herald*:—

"On July 11, at half-past three p.m., we got a catch of fifty-three seals, and at four p.m. we sighted the revenue cutter Rush. She came up to us and ordered as to heave to, and we did so. The chief officer came aboard and demanded our papers. We refused to give them to him, and he then got a screwdriver and removed the hinges of the locks in the cabin, took the papers, and 105 sealskins, all the Indian spears, and ten bags of salt. He then put a man named John Hawkins, an able seaman, aboard, with instructions to us not to interfere, as sailing-master. We kept the course for Sitka, and the Rush then sailed away, and at a quarter-past six p.m. was out of sight. This was in lat. 56 deg. 16 min. and long. 170 deg. 20 min. west. As soon as the Rush was lost sight of, a south-west course was steered right for Victoria. Hawkins, from the start, saw it was impossible to attempt to take the charge in his own hands, and consequently lay in his bunk nearly the whole time, not attempting to interfere. On July 15 we sighted Ounalaska Island, and the Rush just leaving the harbour."

THE CURATIVE POWERS OF HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT cannot be too widely known. It is the only bona-fide genuine galvanic belt recommended by thousands (see testimonals) as a simple, natural, and speedy cure for all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice may be had (gratis) personally or by letter, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Ltd.), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

X.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

A Marriage Contract
may, as is well known, be entered into at a church of the Church of England after the previous publication of banns upon three successive Sundays, or by a license from the proper ecclesiastical authorities, when the marriage shall be without banns. It is scarcely necessary to add that there may be a

Special License
from the Archbishop of Canterbury, or a common license from the Bishop of the proper diocese, or his surrogate, and marriages may take place within three months after the complete publication of the banns or grant of the license. Except in the case of a special license, the marriage may take place in church and between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. Of course, a marriage in the Church of England must be solemnised by a person in Holy Orders, and at least two credible witnesses are also required. In the case of publication of the banns of any person under twenty-one years of age not being a widow or widower, the parent or guardian may openly signify his dissent at the time, and the publication of the banns is then void. Clergymen often ask for the parents' written consent before publishing the banns. In the case of a marriage by license, no licenses may be granted unless one of the parties shall

First Make Oath,
among other things, that one of the persons has for the last fifteen days had his or her usual place of abode within the parish within which the marriage is to be solemnised, and in the case of a person under twenty-one, and not being a widow or widower, that the consent of the person or persons whose consent is required (father, guardian, or mother) has been obtained, or that there is no person who has authority to give such consent. If persons knowingly and wilfully intermarry without due publication of banns, or a proper license,

The Marriage is Null and Void
to all purposes. Where a marriage, by license or banns, is solemnised by means of a false oath or fraudulent publication of banns, by one of the parties, the marriage is not void; but the offending party is liable to forfeit all property which would otherwise accrue to him or her from the marriage.

Such was the old English law of marriages for centuries; but in 1836 provision was made for marriages in Nonconformist places of worship, and before "superintendent registrars," to whom due formal notice has to be given of all marriages other than those according to the rites of the Church of England. A marriage before a registrar, or in a Nonconformist place of worship, procured by means of a wilfully false notice, or declaration, may be binding in the same cases as a marriage is binding if made in the Church of England, by a false declaration; but the consequences are the same—viz., a

Forfeiture of all Property
which would otherwise accrue to him or her from the marriage.

Although in these days of Married Women's Property Acts a husband may seem to take little by marriage, it must be remembered that should he survive his wife, and she die intestate, he would take her personal property; and so, of course, on the death of an intestate husband, the wife would in the ordinary course take one-third of his personal property. So this

Law of Forfeiture
upon a marriage obtained by a false declaration still has some importance, although in practice few questions seem to arise under it.

In another article we have dealt at length with the liability of married women, and stated the cases in which they are liable to maintain their husbands if chargeable to the parish. It will, therefore, be sufficient here to speak of the

Liability of the Husband
towards the wife.

The husband is, in law, bound to maintain his wife. Therefore, her contracts made for the purpose of supplying herself with necessaries suitable for her station in life will be generally binding upon him. If they be living together, his authority to her to act as his agent will be presumed, unless it is repelled by special circumstances, as by notice to the tradesmen by whom she is supplied not to trust her. If the husband and wife are

Living Separately, by Consent,
he is generally liable for the supply of necessaries to her, for the tradesman is then regarded as standing in her place. And, in the case of a separation by consent, a tradesman may supply a wife with necessary things for her use, even after notice not to trust her, for otherwise a wife might be starved. An action, in this case, by a tradesman, against the husband, for necessaries supplied to the wife, is virtually an indirect method of enforcing her right to be maintained. A husband may always escape payment for goods so supplied to his wife if they were not necessaries. What are necessaries must depend on the rank and situation of the husband.

A Husband can Escape Liability
for necessaries if the wife persists in living separate from him against his will, and without sufficient excuse, arising from his ill-treatment. A husband may also escape liability, even for necessaries supplied to his wife, if he can show that, although they were living apart, he gave her a sufficient allowance for her maint-nance; or that otherwise sufficient provision was made for her while so living apart. In future articles we will state the remedies for misconduct of husband or wife, and how and when a husband can effectually settle property on his wife, and other points will be discussed.

ANSWERS.

J. D. THOMAS.—Yes; illegitimate.

E. STEPHENS.—You do not state the date of your marriage, but if you were married since 1882 the goods should not be liable to your husband's debts, but they would be liable to be distrained for rent while on the premises. You ought to be able to produce receipts to show that the goods were bought in your name, and that you did not give the money to your husband. Should an execution be levied upon the goods for your husband's debts, give notice of your claim. The signature of the husband is not necessary, and if it were taken when your husband were in difficulties it would look suspicious.

A CONSTANT READER.—It appears to be an ordinary yearly tenancy, in which case there must be a notice given for the last six months of the tenant's year. The change of owners, in itself, makes no difference in the terms of the tenancy.

J. DONNELLY.—It is impossible, in the columns of this newspaper, to quote "decided cases." We have given you the best answer we could; and, as the questions you propose are difficult, you had better consult a solicitor.

J. M. S.—It is not within the province of a legal correspondent to recommend a particular building society or bank. You had better leave some general discretion to your trustees to invest in Consols or Government or Colonial securities, or upon mortgage of freehold or long leasehold property. It is very difficult to know exactly the financial position of most building societies; and we would never advise trustees to invest money there, even if they had power to do so. There are, of course, many banks of long standing which are good security. Give your trustees a choice of more than one for temporary investments.

A READER OF THE "P. I. P."—A father can always be compelled to keep any of his children if they become chargeable to the parish. A wife cannot compel her husband to support her if she leaves without sufficient cause and refuses to return; but the husband should offer her a home, unless she can be proved guilty of adultery. The question of punishment of children must depend upon the age of the children and the nature of the offence. It is impossible to lay down any general rule such as you ask for. We have dealt with the question of property and rights of married women, and other articles thereon and as to children will appear very shortly in this paper.

A. C.—(1) Half of the personal estate will go to the wife and half to the father in this intestacy. If the wife were to die before the husband, the father, surviving, would take the whole personal estate of the intestate husband. As to the real estate, unless the wife has a right to dower, the whole of it would go to the father. Make a will. (2) Depends upon express terms of the tenancy agreement. The local authority can compel abatement of the nuisance by owner or occupier.

I. F. M.—You can sue the lodger in the County Court for the rent. As to the other question, you have probably lost your 10s.; but it is impossible to be certain without seeing the documents. We shall deal shortly with the liabilities of parents as to children.

A. L. E. P. H.—If any person undertook the charge of your box, and it is lost without any negligence on your part, you should sue that person in the County Court for the value of the property, but not for any other compensation.

J. H.—Were you bound to fence out your neighbour's horse? If so, you cannot claim any damages or impound his animals; otherwise, you would be entitled to compensation for the damage done, and can sue for it in the County Court, but must only impound in a proper pound.

LEX.

MANNERS MAKETH—WOMAN.

"THE other day," says a correspondent of a contemporary, "I was going from Charing-cross to Dorking, travelling first class. When I got into the carriage there was only one gentleman, but there came in after me two 'ladies' of middling age, dowdily dressed, and of cat-like visage and air. A little farther on there entered an old woman, clean, and simply dressed, country fashion, carrying a basket. Evidently she was not a lady so far as clothes and position in society go, but she looked like a kindly, dear old soul, a little tired, glad to get in and rest. The two cats surveyed her up and down, they evidently though invisibly turned up their nose—their thin and ugly noses; then, without a word or hint of her intention, one of them put her head out of window and called in a voice of shrill alarm, 'Guard, guard, there's someone here who ought not to be travelling first class.' The countrywoman looked up in innocent dismay. 'Isn't this second class?' she asked. 'I didn't know——'; but up came the guard, out bundled the old woman, and down sat the cats sniffy and satisfied. I blushed for shame, for the cats were after all women, the man in the corner smiled significantly to himself, and the old woman went to her second-class carriage and probably found herself among well-bred people."

GREAT SHOW OF WORKMEN'S FLOWERS.

THE show of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, the produce of cottagers' gardens, which is to be held in connection with the Great National Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace on Aug. 17, appears likely to be the most gigantic exhibition of the kind ever held. The Agricultural and Horticultural Association, who are promoting the show, have increased their subscription to the prize list from £100 to £150, and the Crystal Palace Company have done the same. Other contributions raise the prize list to about £500 in money, besides medals of the Royal Botanical and other Societies, and honorary certificates. This handsome sum is divided into about 700 prizes, in 245 classes. The prizes vary in amount from 2s. up to three guineas each. The right of entry is restricted to members of co-operative societies. It is expected that, at the close of this remarkable show, there will be from twenty to thirty vanloads of choice flowers, fruit, and vegetables to be given to the London hospitals. Any one interested in the exhibition may obtain copies of the schedules by applying to Mr. Edward Owen Greening, the secretary, at 3, Agar-street, Strand, W.C.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

A Shilling Coleridge.

ALTHOUGH some of the greatest books can only be obtained by the expenditure of a great deal of money, I like best to speak of those which can be bought for a few pence. For example, there has quite recently come to me, as a volume of "Routledge's Pocket Library," the "Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Now, Coleridge did not write much poetry, but what he did write was supremely good. Those of us, therefore, who love good poetry may congratulate ourselves in that we can buy the complete works of the poet in so cheap and so charming a form. When Crabbe died, Lord Melbourne said, in his jocular way, "I am always glad when one of these fellows dies, for then one has *all* his works on the shelf, and there's an end of him." Coleridge is too good a poet merely to put on one's shelf; and, besides, we did not have to wait till his death before his complete poems were published. As is well known, his poetical activity was exhausted long before he went to his final resting-place at Highgate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Coleridge as a Poet.

As a poet Coleridge lives by some half-dozen poems, but I suppose that no one will deny to him a place in the front rank of English poets. His translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" is thought by many well-qualified judges to surpass the original—that is to say, the greatest drama of the best-beloved of German poets. In its marvellous command of words "Kubla Khan" recalls some of the more inspired lyrics of Shelley and Heine; and in its perfection of loveliness "Christabel" exercises an influence upon the mind which can come only from the highest poetry. Still greater is "The Ancient Mariner," most fascinating of modern English poems in its weirdness and dreamy grace.

As a Prose Writer.

But great as Coleridge's poetry undoubtedly is, one should be careful not to stop at the poems when attempting to get some knowledge of this remarkable man. In "Bohn's Standard Library" there are five volumes of Coleridge's "Prose Works" (published by Bell and Sons at 3s. 6d. each). These volumes, with much that is mystical and valueless, contain some of the profoundest criticism, some of the wisest reflection, that our literature can boast. Of these the "Biographia Literaria" is the best, and every literary student should make himself familiar with the subtle analysis of Wordsworth's poetry and poetic theories contained therein.

Coleridge's Biography.

However, within the very limited space which is placed weekly at my disposal, I cannot say much about our great authors. I can only attempt to guide to their study through the popular books of the day. Now there are two admirable biographies of Coleridge which will cost you very little money. First there is Mr. H. D. Traill's "Life of Coleridge" in the "English Men of Letters" series. In the course of two months or so this little book, now published at 2s. 6d., will be issued for 1s. Then there is another shilling sketch of Coleridge, by Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, in Walter Scott's "Great Writers" series. Both contain many interesting facts, and much sound criticism.

Coleridge's Grave.

Coleridge's grave is at Highgate, as is also the house where he spent his declining years. Carlyle's description in "John Stirling" is well known. "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate-hill singing and snuffling of om-m-ject and sum-m-mject." He is buried in a vault below Highgate Grammar School, the place being marked by a flat stone slab, on which the epitaph is scarcely decipherable in the darkness of the surrounding arches.

William Cowper.

How quickly the months pass! Even as I write, Messrs. Routledge send me another volume of their "Pocket Library." It seems only the other day that I received the last. This time it is Cowper's "Task." It would be hard to find two men or two poets more entirely different than Coleridge and Cowper; Coleridge with mind so analytic and so critical, Cowper with nothing but a simple faith and loving heart to guide him. Both sang of nature and of animal life; but Coleridge with so much of exquisite music, Cowper with so much of the artificial mannerism of the age of Pope.

"The Task."

Yet there are few poems in our literature so epoch-making as "The Task." With it, as has often been pointed out, the poetry of human wrongs begins, with it to some extent the revolt against the artificialty of Pope and his school. Cowper, in "The Task," sang, with prophetic vision, of the fall of the Bastille some years before the famous events of '89. Yes, his protest against civil and religious tyranny made him the forerunner of Shelley, and his pleasant landscapes, his eye for Nature's beauties, made him also the forerunner of Wordsworth, although of course he lacked Wordsworth's marvellous insight. "The Task" was a favourite poem with our grandfathers, but it is not too late in the day to read it, especially when we can buy so pretty and so well-printed an edition for a shilling.

"Westward Ho!"

I was writing recently about Kingsley, and so it may interest many of my readers to know that a shilling edition of "Westward Ho!" is shortly to be published. Many will give the palm to "Hypatia," but most people, I think, esteem "Westward Ho!" Kingsley's best novel. At any rate, it is thoroughly well worth reading, both in its story of stirring adventure and in its contrasts of character in Frank and Amyas Leigh.

You have probably heard, or read in some newspaper, that the skirts of all dresses are now worn straight and that behind, and that in Paris no bustles are ever used by

First-Class Dressmakers.

This is not quite true. I am told, on excellent authority, that the French dressmaker lays down no hard-and-fast rules upon the subject. As a matter of fact, she suits her style to the figure of her customer: and that is exactly what all of you should do. Your gowns at home ought to do. If your figure is short, straight style does not suit you, by all means introduce a steel, which will serve to keep your

Skirt

just a very little; but be sure to avoid the *shelf* behind, so much in vogue of late. You may also add a very small crescent-shaped pad, but avoid a bunch or lump, or any hard and ugly contrivances. I think we must all admit that the Frenchwomen are very clever in all those little details—those trifles which make perfection, that we English think are of

No Consequence.

I have no doubt that when you make a skirt you find it no easy matter to make it hang properly. I can tell a home-made skirt, or one cut by an inferior hand, almost at a glance, by the set of it. It is generally up in one place and down in another; it is too short in front, and too long behind. I think I told you before that French-women always have their dresses made a

Little Shorter

than before. It is an excellent plan. A skirt cut in the following proportions *ought* to hang well. The front should measure twenty-eight inches wide at the hem, and decrease to twenty inches at the waist. The side gores—there is one piece only at each side—are twenty-two inches at the hem and sixteen at the top. The back is left straight, and may measure thirty-seven inches wide top and bottom. This gives ninety inches in all, or about two yards and three-quarters. There is some talk of

Flounces

coming in again—not all round, however, but at the side, to take the place of the panel. They are pretty enough in their way, but, to my mind, rather top-sided in effect. You probably noticed that the wedding and "going away" dress of H.R.H.

The Duchess of Fife

had high standing collars at the back. Some of you may, perhaps, be tempted to follow the fashion set by the Royal bride; but I strongly advise those of you who make your own gowns to think twice before you attempt it. It is very difficult to make those high collars set properly. Even first-rate dressmakers fail occasionally, and it is very important for women who make their own gowns to avoid, if possible, that cooked-at-home appearance which is so easily detected and is very ugly. This can generally be done by adopting a simple style.

I have to thank sundry kind correspondents in various parts of the country for the interest they take in the

World of Women.

I am very sorry not to be able to comply with the request of the lady who writes from Bath. I do so would open the door to too many letters of the same kind. I am sorry, too, not to be able to give another correspondent a receipt for a good

Black Dye.

I do not think things can be properly dyed at home; and anything that is likely to prove useful ought to be worth the expense of sending to the dyer's. If you wash greasy silk or rusty-looking cotton stuffs in a strong solution of ammonia you will get out the dirt, and restore the colour sometimes; but, when the very dyers themselves sometimes send home our material what we call "jet black," how can we expect to dye it a good black ourselves?

I am quite sure that one and all of you like

Flowers

in your drawing-room and on the dinner-table. In winter, of course, flowers are rather a costly decoration; but in summer you can get them cheap, and in early autumn, or, indeed, this month and next, it is astonishing what can be done with red berries and leaves, to say nothing of the gaudy old

Sunflower

which now grows in every suburban garden. "Sunflowers?" I hear you say: "they are worse than geese; they are vulgar." Is there such a really *vulgar* flower? I do not think so. Try the effect of sunflowers in a jar or pot of deep blue, arranged with their own leaves, but do not put the pot and the sunflowers on a table in the

Window,

but in a prominent place. If you have a *dark* nook in a *darkish* corner, place the pot there. Note how the "vulgar" flower actually lights up the corner almost like a lamp. I consider sunflowers are my favourite flowers. I simply adore sunflowers, as dear, good women gloat over the waste ground in England into

Rose Gardens.

Sometimes I think we should all be better and happier if we had more flowers about us, and many more roses. But there is one use to which sunflowers, and especially delicate and fragile flowers, are put to among us that makes me very angry and rather angry too. In a crowded city such as London we cannot help very often seeing funerals in the streets. For some time past it has been the custom to cover the coffins with wreaths of the most exquisite

White Flowers,

and every one of these beautiful wreaths is put into the grave and buried with the dead. It may be said that the flowers would soon wither in any case: but, before they droop and fade, think of all the pleasure they *might* give to poor sick folk who never see a flower! And is it not a fact that very often these wreaths are sent because it is the fashion to send them, by friends or relatives who can ill afford such

Costly Tributes

of so-called respect or affection? They are afraid if they omit to do what other people do it will be thought unkind or *stingy*, and so they spend ten and sixpence or a guinea they can very ill afford; but a little moral courage is all that is necessary to kill this fear. I was glad to notice that on several occasions lately, the friends, when announcing a death in the family, begged that no flowers might be sent. One wreath might always be placed *on*, not *in*, the grave by the chief mourner.

I am sure you all agree with me that house-flies are a pest this time of year. Pictures and mirrors are ruined by them: in fact, they spoil everything they touch. A good preventive against them is to boil three or four

Leeks

in a pint of water, and then with a brush to wash the glasses and frames with the liquid. This stuff will not injure the frames in the least. The fly-spots on glass can be removed by rubbing them gently with cotton dipped in a little sweet oil. I do not think it is generally known that a

Newspaper

is a capital thing to clean and polish glass with. It must be very dry. Gather up a half-sheet of newspaper by the sides and four corners, making a sort of cushion in your hand, and then rub away at your mirror or toilet glass and you will soon see how bright and clean it will be. And now another little household hint about your oil

Lamps.

When they get dirty inside, as they will in time, pour out the oil, and wash them thoroughly inside with a solution of potash and water. Rinse them out well and put them near the fire to dry. You must make sure that they are quite dry before you put the oil in again.

MARGUERITE.

Now that the riding season is at its height, now that every Sunday takes the cyclist over some of the roads in the vicinity of London, that the camps have just led him either to the North or to the South of England, that Paris is attracting him across the Channel and over the highways of France, a necessarily greater amount of attention is attracted to the condition of the roads upon which so much of his pleasure depends.

This summer, with its long drought followed by a long rainy spell, has made him doubly conscious that the roads of England are shockingly bad for a civilised country; and it is just as well for him to bear this in mind, for the future of the roads depends to a great extent upon him, no one else now-a-days being so keenly interested in the matter.

For this reason I think it a very good thing that so many English cyclists are going over to France. You have only to look through the cycling papers to realise how the number of wheelmen who cycle to the Exhibition is increasing. Every week brings three or four letters on the subject, from which, by-the-way, you can occasionally get some very useful tips about hotels, routes, custom-houses, &c. But there is hardly anything to be seen in the Exhibition, from a cycling point of view, so interesting and instructive as the roads which have to be wheeled over to reach it.

The great highways of France, the *routes nationales* as they are called, are probably the best in the world, unless perhaps they are beaten by those of India and Java, of which one every now and then hears such extravagant praise, but which unfortunately are quite out of the question for the average cyclist. But France is really nearer to the Londoner than Ireland or many of the finest parts of Scotland, and its roads are at his disposal.

I do not know that the actual road-bed there is really better than that of some of the English roads. The perfection of the surface is due, above all, to the fact that the French understand how to keep their roads in repair and good order. You cannot ride in any direction without noticing the admirable arrangement of ditches which follow the white highway as persistently as the poplars, and the little gutters in the turf which run into them from the road at regular intervals. The road is thus kept thoroughly drained and protected from any possible overflow from the near fields and meadows.

Nor can you go very far without meeting the *cantonnier* with his great long broom actually sweeping the road, picking up loose stones, trimming the turf on either side, and altogether keeping it in as beautiful order as if it ran through a park. And, more important still, the maintenance and repair of these highways is performed in a uniform manner, and at the same time all over the country. The only possible drawback is that every here and there you come to a bit of the old *pavé*, or paving, for which you must be on the look-out, especially coming down hill.

Of course, what I say applies to the *routes nationales*, or chief high-roads, which are under the control of a central department of highways. The *routes départementales*, under county authorities, are usually equally good; but the *routes vicinales*, or small byways, are not to be relied upon.

After the roads I have been describing, what is to be said of those of England? However, a good deal of attention is being paid to them just now, thanks chiefly to cyclists, and there is hope for the future. I wonder if you know that there is a Roads Improvement Association, with the Duke of Fife, who has been such a conspicuous figure lately, for one of its patrons? Like so many other associations, it needs money to carry on the good work it has undertaken, and it certainly calls for support from all who ride cycles. Subscriptions can always be sent either to its Hon. Sec., Mr. J. E. Phillips, 57, Basinghall-street, E.C., or to the Secretary of the C.T.C., 139 and 140, Fleet-street, E.C.

I think one mistake the Association has made hitherto has been to seek its supporters chiefly among cyclists. Of course cyclists suffer more from bad roads than almost any other body of road-users in the United Kingdom. But still there are other road-users, and every owner of a cart or a carriage should be looked to for support as well as every rider of a cycle. The Association, too, has depended largely upon the distribution of leaflets and tracts. But it is high time for it to make known its objects still more widely through the Press, and to demand its rights from the Government. One good sign is that in one county at least a cyclist has been appointed surveyor of the roads, it being realised that no one else could be such a good judge of their condition.

N.C.U.

WHAT IS HIS ADDRESS?

It is not every thief whose conscience is seared. Most malefactors who opened their employer's cash-box containing £490, as a Parisian clerk did a day or two ago, would have walked off with the whole of it. Not so this eminently scrupulous gentleman. He took only £180, which he replaced with a note, explaining that that was all he needed to enable him to set up in business in England. The honest man evidently expects to attain distinction in perfidious Albion.

A Sad Bathing Fatality occurred on Saturday morning last to a member of the Southern Counties' Cyclist Club at Godalming. A member of the Catford Cycling Club, named Pullinger, went with a friend named Samuel Groves, aged about twenty years, of Charlton, Kent, to bathe in a pond about twenty feet deep at parts. Pullinger told Groves, who could not swim, to hold on to the bathing stage while he himself swam out into the middle of the pond. Turning round, he saw that Groves had let go the stage and was sinking. He swam back, but was unable to save his friend, who was drowned.

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"And his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his lips
The dewy softness of an infant's stole."

THOSE who have suffered from the well-nigh bursting feeling of dry, oppressive heat—the hot, thick, almost stagnant circulation—which characterises many forms of Blood-Poison or Impurity, or who know the intolerable, parched, itching, scurvy feeling of Skin Disease, can alone appreciate the significance of the above.

And the delightful condition of health so beautifully and tersely expressed in the quotation is just what "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" bring—not all at once, but with steady, gentle persistency—to those sufferers who need the beneficial efficacy of this remarkable curative, and who will persevere with its use in small regular doses. Mark, that we do not advocate the patient overloading the system with sulphur, even in the form of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." We are decisively of opinion that two or three Tablets taken daily with unceasing regularity are more easily assimilated and more readily taken into the blood, and, therefore, do more real good than would be the case with large doses of sulphur, which tend to choke the system, and, therefore, do little or no good. In short, the blood can only carry in its flow a given quantity of sulphur, and which, thus taken into the circulation, becomes a neutralising and ejective agent, uniting with blood-poison and disease-atoms, both escaping through the skin, kidneys, &c., by the healthful influence of the sulphur on these functions. And this steady regular escape leaves the blood free to take up other quantities of sulphur at regular intervals—facts which have been conclusively established by the teachings of experience.

There are many, very many, to whom "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" would be of the greatest service, and effect great good—they of whom it may be said:—

"The blood beats not as wont within their veins;
Dimness creeps o'er the eye, a drowsy sloth
Fetters the limbs like palsy"—

and we earnestly commend "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" to them. Whether for man, woman, or child, they will always do good. It may be that they will not effect a cure in every instance of deep-seated or chronic complaint of long standing; but assuredly, even in the worst cases of Blood-Poisoning and Impurity, of Eczema or other skin diseases, of Rheumatism, of Costiveness, &c., they will afford marked and certain relief, allay pain, assuage discomfort, and bring about an unquestionable improvement in the general bodily health, without any possibility of harm whatever.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are far superior in efficacy to sulphur as it has been ordinarily administered, while they are as pleasant to the taste as they are pleasing to the eye. The Tablets are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d (post-free, 1s. 3d.) Order of Chemists or Grocers, *and don't be put off*. To test them, and to prove the truth of what we fearlessly assert as to their merits, we offer SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE to all who write for them. Address the Sole Proprietors,

FRAZER AND CO.,
29, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON, E.C.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BRIGHTON.—[Letter I.]

BY A BRIGHTON RESIDENT.

What Pompeii was to the Romans

that Brighton is to Londoners, and to others who are not Londoners. There is, of course, one not unimportant difference—Brighton has never been buried under burning lava. But with this exception (and a few minor exceptions in the way of wearing apparel, &c.) the resemblance is striking enough. And the boiling lava may yet put in an appearance. Everything comes to the modern Pompeiis that know how to wait.

Brighton has watched

and waited for a good many good things, and her vigils have again and again been crowned with quite remarkable success. She has watched and waited and worked for a great name—Queen! Queen of Watering-places!—and that name has been given to her. She has watched and waited to catch the eyes of the Princes and Rulers of the world: and she has at last succeeded, and the great ones and those in high places have come to her, and have tarried joyfully at the skirts of the queenly garments, delighted and fascinated, and have gone hence only to sing her praises. Indeed, the people of Brighton have a right to plume themselves on the undoubted fact that the fame of their beautiful and most salubrious town has gone forth to the uttermost ends of the earth. It was only the other day that the Shah (whom the popular Mayor—Alderman William Sendall—and Corporation regally entertained at the Pavilion and in the Dome) described Brighton as "a paradise," and his Majesty's suite spoke of the town in glowing terms as the finest centre of population they had seen in the English provinces. Some doubt appears to exist as to the truth of this saying of the Shah's; but I have the Mayor's own word that it is absolutely true that the Persian monarch did say more than once, and with obvious sincerity, "Brighton is a paradise." And the Shah has seen some fine cities in his day.

Long before she became the Nonpareil of Watering-places, Brighton was cordially liked and cordially disliked. As far back as 1736 we find her described by an enthusiastic chronicler as "one of the principal places in the kingdom," which was absurd; while there is another more or less precious document of the same period in existence in which

Brighthelmston

(as the town was then called) is heartily denounced as a regular impostor all round and round—which must have been unjust, seeing that at the very worst she has always had a big bit of the English Channel to boast of as one of her attractions. They are curiously interesting reading those old chronicles of Brighton, in the days when she was beginning to climb the ladder of fame; but one has a suspicion that most of them are touched with imagination or magnified by tradition. I have always, for instance, felt a little dubious as to the absolute authenticity of that thrilling and splendid story about the handful of brave Brighthelmston fishermen who defeated the French fleet in its attempt to reduce the place and all that therein dwelt to nothingness. It seems certain, however, that in the early part of the seventeenth century the town—then really nothing more than a fishing village—was more than once seriously injured by

Marauding French Admirals;

and it is hardly to be doubted that on one occasion, when the village was confined to a few houses (or rather huts) on that part of the shore where the Madeira-road now is, the fisher-folk were bombarded and had their homes blown to atoms over their heads. This was before 1600; and the sea also encroaching, the fishermen appear to have henceforth taken to living higher up on the downs. Brighton had not then been "discovered." It is impossible definitely to fix the date of this discovery, or name the discoverer. Brighton, like Topsy, "growed." The town has never—as in the case of Eastbourne—had an aristocratic and wealthy resident to "work" it. Its origin as a fashionable watering-place is wrapped in obscurity. There is a common impression that George IV. "discovered" and "made" Brighton when he was Prince of Wales. This is a mistake, for Brighton had been

A "Resort of Fashion"

for a considerable time before the "First Gentleman in Europe" first came to it in Fox, staying with a Mr. Kemp, whose residence stood on part of the ground now occupied by the Royal Pavilion. The very queer story of the Prince's "goings-on" at the Pavilion will be told in a subsequent article; but it may be pointed out here that he was a most unlikely man to bury himself in an unknown and uninhabited place.

Then, again, it is sometimes said that Brighton owes its greatness to

Dr. Russell, the Celebrated Physician.

This also is erroneous. Dr. Russell certainly sang the praises of sea-water very loudly, and it may be averred, with equal certainty, that his "Dissertation on the Use of Sea-water in the Diseases of the Glands" and his "Economy of Nature" did much to recommend the place to persons who had been ill from excessive eating and drinking and wanted to get well again. But the period of Dr. Russell's influence in increasing the prosperity of the town was from 1750 to 1759; and ten years previously, as we have seen, Brighthelmston had been discovered as

THE WEST PIER, BRIGHTON.

"one of the principal places in the kingdom." It comes to this:

Nature and Chance

were Brighton's parents. The one gave her a beautiful and healthy situation, and an atmosphere of wonderful crispness and purity, which is nearly always saturated with sunshine; while the other has, for at least a century, been especially kind to her.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway

has done a hundred times more to develop Brighton than Dr. Russell and George IV. ever did. This Company, it is not too much to say, has studied the interests of Brighton and of Sussex generally as few railway companies in other parts of the kingdom have done. It may, indeed, be that

Thackeray's

words about "dear old Brighton" have been a more valuable advertisement than the princely orgies at the Pavilion and the "Dissertation on the Uses of Sea-water" together. Scarcely anybody ever bathes at Brighton now; yet the town was never so brilliantly prosperous as it is at the present time. What a change has been wrought since the days when

Miss Burney

charmingly described the "fashion" of the much-favoured watering-place, and Dr. Johnson dined with Mrs. Thrale (she lived in a house in West-street, close to the magnificent Orleans Club), and Mrs. Siddons acted in the little barn-like theatre in Duke-street, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was scared out of her wits by one of the nice friends of the Prince of Wales riding a horse up her staircase! (The brute would not come down again, and the drunken and hilarious Lord who was his master kicked up a rare row, and was for getting himself and horse out of a window! They would have broken their necks, and that would have been a pity for the horse.) I don't propose to dabble much in figures; but here are a few. In 1770 the town had about

2000 Inhabitants;

in 1794, 5600; in 1800, about 7000; and, to skip up through this century, the present resident population of the Parliamentary borough is not believed to be less than

140,000;

and there can be no doubt at all that over 300,000 persons often sleep in the town. The Parliamentary borough consists of Brighton, Hove, and Preston; but

Brighton and Hove

have separate municipal governments, the former (including Preston) being governed by a Town Council, which is also a County Council, and the latter by a Board of Commission. Brighton can scarcely be said to have any industries. As a member of the Town Council rather cannibalistically put it at a recent meeting of that body, the town "lives on its visitors." It is as well to be candid sometimes. Still, it would not be fair to convey the impression that Brighton is an excessively expensive place to live in. Impartial publicists have proved that it is not, and that one may

Live as Cheaply in Brighton

as in London. In the matter of house-rent it compares favourably with any other South Coast watering-place. Brighton, as the Registrar-General's returns have shown over and over again, is the

Healthiest Town in the Kingdom;

and this state of things has only been brought about after enormous expense in sanitary improvements.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE'S FENCING.

People who have only seen the Duchess of Fife sitting in her carriage or moving about in the quiet demeanour required for State ceremonials can have no idea how great a pleasure she takes in violent exercise and rapid motion. The Duchess delights in gymnastics, and is an accomplished mistress of the art of fence. Her fencing-master is no other than Mons. B. Bertrand, professor of fencing to the late Prince Imperial, and he speaks in the highest terms of the courage and prowess of his Royal pupil.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

HOTEL KAISERHOF, BERLIN.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter III.]

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

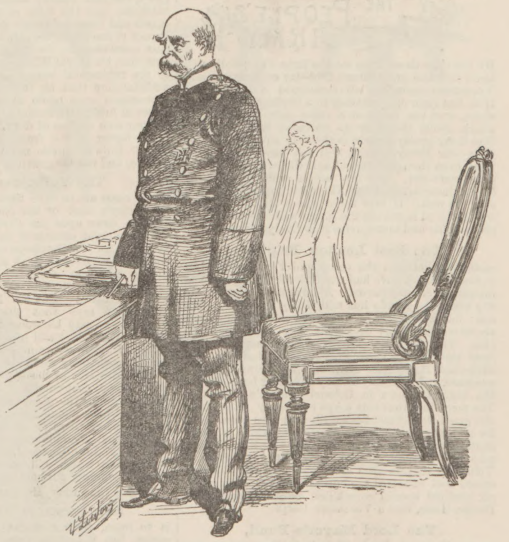
Cafe Bauer

is an excellent place for those who want to get some idea of the life of this great city. No visitor should fail to see it. It is one of the finest cafés in the world, and from the spacious balcony of the first floor, while sipping your coffee, having a glass of toddy, eating an ice, or enjoying the fragrance of an Havanna, you get an excellent view of the Unter den Linden, and that great artery of Berlin—the Friedrichstrasse. The café, which has just been renovated, is situated at the corner of these two streets. Its interior is magnificent. Splendid fresco paintings of ancient Greek and Roman life, after designs of the celebrated painter Anton von Werner, grace the panels of the walls of the ground and first floor, of which two floors the café consists, the rest of the immense structure being utilised as an hotel. I never yet found this café empty. It is open all day and all night, enough to shock poor Sir Wilfrid Lawson. But what will that worthy gentleman say?—it is also open on Sundays all day and night. *O tempora, O mores!* On the ground floor it is most interesting to see the respected Berliners in family groups—paterfamilias with all their belongings—of an evening observing each other, talking of all kind of things belonging to domestic life: the cook, the housemaid, and the dresses; but no politics. These only crop up now and then. Of course, after the theatres—which close generally at ten o'clock—the scene in the café changes. People crowd in coming from the playhouse, from a dance, or other social gatherings; many celebrities from art-circles make their appearance, and it is amusing to see how all these various comers are welcomed by those present with all kinds of exclamations, "Ah!" "Oh!" "Hallo, old fellow!" and so forth. Artists often have quite an ovation if they are men of note in their calling. Anyone who chooses to stay the night through will have an ever-changing scene to notice.

On the first floor the character of the visitors is somewhat different from that of those below. The noise of rolling billiard-balls that meets you is quite bewildering at first. Others are playing chess—and some very great players are to be found here. Card-playing—principally the Altenburg game of *Skat*—is going on largely in a separate room. Adjoining this room is a *cabinet de lecture*, frequented by diplomates, deputies, journalists, officers, artists, students, merchants, &c. Foreigners are also found there in great number, because not only all the German newspapers, periodicals, and books are to be had, but *all* noteworthy newspapers and periodicals from every quarter of the globe. Here is a gentleman writing letters; there is an artist copying small sketches; in another corner, around a table you may see a greater knot of people discussing politics, most of them gesticulating in a most extraordinary fashion. Another café like the above is

The Cafe Kaiserhof,

of the hotel of the same name on the Zieten Platz, so called because of the statue of General Zieten which graces the square. But that establishment is the rendezvous of another class of society. It has a more aristocratic aspect, and is frequented by people belonging to the upper classes. Here also, it may be said, there is a certain quiet at present, the holiday season being in full swing. But it is ridiculous to say Berlin is empty. The Upper Ten Thousand, and those who mimic them, may think it is when they have gone to the watering-places and other points of recreation. But Berlin, with its one million and a half inhabitants and its fifty thousand foreign visitors, is always crowded; and the crowd is getting so great that all possible ideas are being started for making it safe for pedestrians to cross the various streets. Especially are they talking of a subway Unter den Linden, where that thoroughfare cuts the Friedrichstrasse in halves. It were well if it were done, and if it were, it should be a good-sized tunnel admitting tramcars. For then the wish to see the north and south of the German capital connected by a tramway could be realised.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

On our way to Café Bauer we passed

The Late Emperor William's Palace,

now the home of the Dowager Empress Augusta, who is, however, as usual, at present in Baden-Baden. There is no one now lingering in front of the corner window to get a glimpse of the old Kaiser. Of course we passed the Opera House and the Schloss, the residence of the present Emperor, who just gave orders that some more of the many apartments in that Royal castle should be appropriated for his Majesty's family. It is a gloomy-looking edifice, but full of interesting objects. In it is the White Hall, used for grand public ceremonies such as the opening of

Historical Corner Window.

THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PALACE IN BERLIN.

The German Reichstag

or Prussian Landtag, or any other great ceremonial of State. The sittings of either House are not held in the White Hall. The Reichstag's provisional abode until its new home is built is in the Leipziger Strasse, the Herrenhaus of the Prussian Diet being next door, and the Abgeordnetenhaus on the Dönhofsplatz. Neither of these Chambers is now in Session. I often attended the sittings of the Reichstag and the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. They are most interesting, however, when

Prince Bismarck

suddenly enters unexpectedly, takes his seat at the Ministerial table, and, having for some time listened to the debate, rises to address the House. The members, who were, perhaps, listless all the while, become electrified. Turning towards the speaker, looking at his commanding figure, they are in rapt attention. Most interesting, however, is it when

Herr Eugen Richter

by his attacks has roused the Imperial Chancellor, whose eyes then sparkle, and who gives him a warm and crushing reply. This done, he collects his papers, closes his portfolio, and saluting right and left leaves the house, which sinks back into its former listlessness.

Means of Communication

are excellent in this great city. Tramways, 'buses (only used by the lower classes, the tramways having the preference on account of rapidity), droschkies (cabs) of first and second class, and the Berlin town railway (Stadtbahn) and the Ringbahn (circular railway) are admirable institutions, but I am inclined to quarrel with the authorities, because although overcrowding of trams and 'buses and railway carriages is strictly forbidden, and any violation of this rule severely punished, the police seem to wink at the non-observance of that rule on the town railway, the wagons of which are mostly now crammed, every standing place even being occupied. Every London reader who ever experienced the overcrowding on the Metropolitan and District Railways will heartily sympathise with the Berliners in their loud cries for redress. Tramcars only stop at certain appointed places to set down and take up passengers. The fares are cheap, they are less outside than inside; but the dear creatures, the ladies, are not allowed to take seats outside. London tramcar companies might with advantage follow the example of the Berlin associations by supplying their outside seats with an awning, so that travellers on the top can be protected against the burning sun or pelting rain.

This month we shall have

The Emperor of Austria's Visit;

but his Majesty has expressed a wish that there should be no grand preparation, which the Berliners much regret. The Town Council may be glad: it saves them expense.

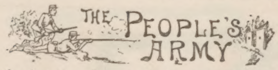
(*To be continued.*)

THE HONOUR OF THE THING.

Members of Parliament now-a-days are not above travelling in cheap omnibuses. The other day three members might have been seen on the top of an omnibus between Victoria and Westminster. One was a Scotchman, another a prominent Irishman, and the third was no less a man than Mr. John Morley. The Scotch member jocularly asked his leader if it was not beneath his dignity for him to be on the top of an omnibus. "Well," said Mr. Morley, "I can't get up higher." This reminds us of the country squire who, staying at an hotel, went to sleep on the bed-tester, whilst his man-servant reposed in the comfortable bed. "I would rather be down there, Jack," he said, "if it were not for the honour of the thing."

The Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., engraved in our Issue of July 20, was from the lifelike photograph taken by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, whose Photo Mezzo-Tint Gallery at 246, Regent-street is presided over by one of the most artistic of Camera Artists. The Fine Art of Photography, indeed, is supplied by Mr. Albert Young, who has "taken" a number of naval and military celebrities.

EUGEN RICHTER, DEPUTY IN THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.



By the time these lines see the light the public will know how the great mixed field-day of Regulars and Volunteers upon the oft-mentioned Aldershot Fox Hills has gone off—whether in a blazing August sunshine, or in the midst of a rainy gale such as that which spoilt the show at Spithead last Saturday. One thing pretty certain is that—if nobody else objects—Sir Evelyn Wood will not have stopped the fight, even though it rained as if the everlasting bung itself were out. The few people who followed the recent manœuvres of the Aldershot troops know this only too well. If ever there was a British General who believed in taking the rough with the smooth in sham fights and manœuvres it is Evelyn Wood.

The East London Brigade,

mobilising between the camp and Farnborough last Saturday, must have had a sufficiently sharp taste of miserable circumstances. Aldershot is all right in dry weather—a trifle hot and dusty in the noonday sun; but after a few hours of rain camping-grounds are as wretched and dreary as they are everywhere else. Yet the East London Brigade made a very good show in its three improvised battalions. The dark-clad Post-Office men were as strong, as solid, as smart, and as steady as they have ever been, having the biggest muster in Colonel Trotter's command. The mere fact that this corps is entirely raised from one great Government establishment does not account for its perfection, the mainspring of which is found in its commanding officer, Colonel Du Plat Taylor, who has already proved himself the smartest of Volunteer commanders since the day when he conceived and executed the happy thought of turning six hundred special constables, banded together in Fenian times, into a Volunteer Corps.

The Lord Mayor's Fund,

in the light of Lord Wolseley's Equipment and Efficiency Circular, has moderated its desires. The circular—though in itself a rather foolish document—appears to have helped the Lord Mayor and his more active supporters out of a dilemma. For some time there has evidently been but little chance of the £85,000 being reached, and the precious circular, by enumerating a list of articles of equipment which the War Office will regard as immediately indispensable, has fixed a definite course for the Lord Mayor, and one which may more reasonably be accomplished. With £38,000 in hand, his Lordship says, another £15,000 will accomplish his purpose of completing every Volunteer in the metropolis in the possession of a greatcoat, water-bottle, haversack, proper pouches, and gaiters. Seeing that every Volunteer already has three of these articles, and many of them have also the greatcoat and pouches too, I should think it would be enough, and still leave a lot of money behind to provide the other articles of which his Lordship has darkly hinted.

But this is getting a long way on from the Volunteer gathering at Aldershot of this week, in which

The Honourable Artillery Company

has had an important position. Just before Christmas the cry was that the ancient Company was undisciplined, disloyal, and ought to be disbanded; and now the three arms are at Aldershot, in all their glory, the field battery working with the Royal field batteries, and the light cavalry and infantry doing Royal and Imperial escort duty. After this we may expect to hear that the members of the regiment are once more shooting for the Prince of Wales's Prize, even that his Royal Highness has been received back to the regimental bosom as Captain-General, notwithstanding that he retired so precipitately when accusations were made by people who were themselves in fault, attributing to the Company the results of their own neglect of duty. By-the-way, wouldn't it be better if the fresh young Adjutant of the H.A.C. showed a little more suavity to his brother officers, and did his spiriting more gently?

The Volunteer Artillery

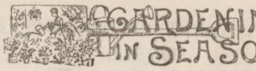
on the coast are to have their innings shortly, when the enemy's fleet of the Naval Manœuvres comes bearing down upon the Clyde and the Mersey and the other great centres of outward trade. It is all very well for Mr. Stanhope to say there is no idea of combination between land and sea defensive forces in the exercises about to be made, and for the Commander-in-Chief to say the same thing in an official circular. But his Royal Highness at the same time says that the troops—Regulars and Volunteers—may be brought up to the coastworks and the War Office will allow a whole five rounds to be fired from every gun against the enemy's ships; and the world may rest assured that the Volunteers will be desirous of having those five shots at the great naval coalscuttles. It will cause no little excitement on the coast, and, though there may be chaff and joke about Liverpool sacked and Glasgow laid in ashes, there is something in seeing whether our internal communications are so perfect that the Admiralty Intelligence Department may wire off information which will set all Bristol and South Wales Volunteer gunners hastening to their guns.

To-day (Saturday) the gunners'

Shoeburyness Prize Meeting

is to open, to the extent that the detachments arrive, but not quite from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, as they used. There is no mistake about it that the Artillery Meeting has in the last few years ceased to attract as it used; and it is to be hoped that the council's resolve to institute a competition for the lighter of the new Volunteer batteries of position, with the 16-pounder muzzle-loaders with which they are armed, may, in its fresh departure, give a spurt to the association. The competitions heretofore have been entirely with 64-pounders and 40-pounders, and 10-inch pieces as used in permanent works. With these fixed it is possible to estimate ranges with mechanical appliances, and so the ranges are estimated; but in these new competitions, in which it may be assumed that the gun has been rushed up to position, unlimbered, and trained round upon the object of aim all in a few moments, there is no stopping for range-finders. So the firing will in a way be at unknown distances, on strictly service conditions, and the element of fire discipline will come in, because the contests will be by groups of four guns under one officer, allowed so many minutes to get off as many rounds as he may. There is scope for smartness, steadiness, and emulation here.—EYES FRONT.

Celandine is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from Chave and Jackson, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[Advt.]



Flower Garden.

August set in as it should do—gloriously. The thermometer in my cucumber-house stood at over 100 deg. the other morning at ten a.m. without any fire-heat, with a fair amount of shade, and some "air on." This is something like weather, and makes one begin to doubt whether our solar luminary is really burning itself out, and is already on the wane, as the latest authorities would have us believe. Let us hope for a month, or even two, of the same kind, and it will go far to compensate us for the wretched summer, or want of summer, we experienced last year. This sort of thing will bring out the brightness and beauty of our flower-beds as nothing else could do. The quiet showery weather of the last few weeks has settled the plants in the ground, and started them in growth to perfection, and warmth and sunshine now cannot fail to transform them into brilliant masses of colour.

Petunias

(single-flowered) are really grand things in a fine season, and I wonder they are not more grown. In a wet summer like the last they do no good at all, even if they are not killed outright by the wet and cold, making little but growth, and producing very few and poor blossoms. Most of the "strains" of single-flowered petunias are not worth growing; but a really good class of large, brightly coloured, and clearly marked blossoms makes a splendid bed. The brighter and hotter the sunshine, the more brilliantly beautiful do these sun-loving plants become.

Verbenas

are also doing well this season, and, when in good condition, what can be more strikingly beautiful? Verbenas have gone out of cultivation simply because they were so starved and neglected that they could no longer succeed, or even exist. Especially when grown from cuttings, these plants require the most generous treatment from first to last, and the soil in which they are planted can scarcely be too rich or too deep. Most of the old "named varieties" have, however, become so debilitated by continued neglect and starvation, combined with the repeated propagation by means of cuttings, that I now grow very few but seedlings, and find these eminently satisfactory. Fresh seed, if sown in a genial heat in spring, rarely fails to germinate; and the young plants, if set out in good soil as soon as sufficiently strong, grow away healthily and freely, and soon cover the beds with a perfect carpet of leaves and blossoms.

Salvia Patens

is a fine old herbaceous plant that should not be lost sight of. It is now in full bloom, and the slender spikes of large pea-shaped blossoms, of the richest cobalt blue, are eminently effective. The plant itself is all but hardy, and in light well-drained soil the roots are quite safe, at any rate if covered with a shovelful of ashes or cocoanut fibre on the approach of winter. There is a white-flowered variety, but this is not nearly so strikingly beautiful as the blue form, which, for outdoor work at any rate, is much the best of its family.

Beds of

Zonal Pelargoniums

are very bright just now. Those who are partial to these undoubtedly useful but gaudy flowers may be glad of the names of a few of the best for bedding-out purposes. The old "Tom Thumb" is, of course, quite out of date, but even now there is nothing to beat the well-known "Vesuvius" in the points of hardiness, dwarf and compact habit, and freedom of flower, though it is not quite perfection as regards colour. West Brighton Gem, with whitish stems and flower-stalks, is very similar, and equally floriferous. My idea of perfection in colour in this class is that of the semi-double F. V. Raspail (crimson-scarlet), which has proved itself a splendid bedder. The old double "Wonderful," though good enough in its way, is a poor thing beside the last, and might well be dispensed with now. The deep, crimson-flowered Henry Jacoby is a fine variety for any purpose, dwarf, vigorous, and producing numerous trusses of large size. The Rev. H. Atkinson is after the same style, but a couple of shades lighter in colour; another good kind, especially for town gardens, is Wellington (light crimson). John Gibbons is a splendid colour (orange-scarlet), but not so free as some. The best pinks are Master, Christine, and Newland's Mary. Of white-flowered kinds the old Madame Vaucher is now quite eclipsed, and White Clipper not much better; as far as habit and constitution go, there is nothing to beat Eureka, but the flowers take on a pink hue in bright weather. Queen of Belgians and Queen of Whites are both good, but on the whole I give the preference to Niphetos as a bedder, the huge trusses of this variety remaining of the purest white under any circumstances.

Cuttings of any of the above or other varieties of which increase may be desired should be taken and inserted as soon as possible. With a little care, a lot of cuttings may be taken from a fair-sized bed without injuring its appearance in the least.

Vegetable Garden.

The first-planted trenches of celery are coming along finely now, and the plants must be earthed up from time to time as they advance. It is far better to do this by degrees, as the plants grow, than all at once; but care must be taken not to bury the growing point or heart too deeply. The finest and cleanest sticks are obtained by earthing up with sand—sea-sand being the best for the purpose—and if for exhibition this should always be done. Keep the soil in the trenches constantly moist, and, if extra fine sticks are wanted, sprinkle a little soot, salt, and nitrate of soda in the trenches occasionally, and water it in well.

Vegetable Marrows.

The genial weather has brought these on famously, and they are now setting abundance of fruit. The plants must have plenty of water now to enable them to bring these to perfection, instead of casting them, as they will if dry at the root.

Fruit Garden.

Early apples are beginning to come in now; a few of the best are—of dessert kinds, the Irish Peach, Kerry Pippin, Worcester Pearmain, and Juneating. The Oslin is another good old kind, and is also known as the original or mother apple, from which it is said all the others have sprung. Echlinville Seedling, Keswick Codlin, and Lord Suffield are among the very best of early apples suitable for culinary purposes.

B. C. R.

Felix Pyat, the famous Communist, and a member of the present Chamber of Deputies for Marseilles, died on Sunday at the age of seventy-nine.

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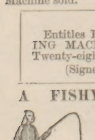

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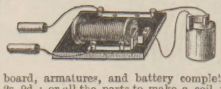

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